

SCREENLAND

June
15c

Sec. 36

Jeanne
Crain

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MAY 20 1946



*No other shampoo
leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage*

Cupid finds it difficult to resist the girl
with Drene-lovely hair!

When you Drene your hair, it gleams
with all its natural lustre...

all its enchanting highlights revealed.

"The best way to catch a camera
or a man's eye," says glamorous
Cover Girl Penny Edwards, "is to look
your loveliest with shining-smooth hair.

Here, Penny, golden-haired Drene Girl
shows you these easy-to-fix styles

you can try at home

or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and

easier to manage when you use

today's improved Drene Shampoo

with Hair Conditioning action.

No other shampoo leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

YOU CUT LOTS OF ICING when you wear these romantic shining
curls. "Drene-washed hair," says Penny, "matches the radiance of
your most momentous moments." Drene reveals as much as 33
percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since
Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film
on hair as all soaps do. Complete removal of unsightly dan-
druff too, the very first time you use Drene! See how
Penny's softly-waved hair adds height to her face.

Drene
**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action**



LOVE-NEST SHOPPING finds you smoothly
groomed... your shining-clean hair swept over
to one side in this sophisticated style. "It's so
easy to fix any hair-do," Penny reveals, "when
you're a Drene Girl." Note how Drene with Hair
Conditioning action leaves Penny's hair beauti-
fully behaved right after shampooing.

"What're you looking at, Sis?"



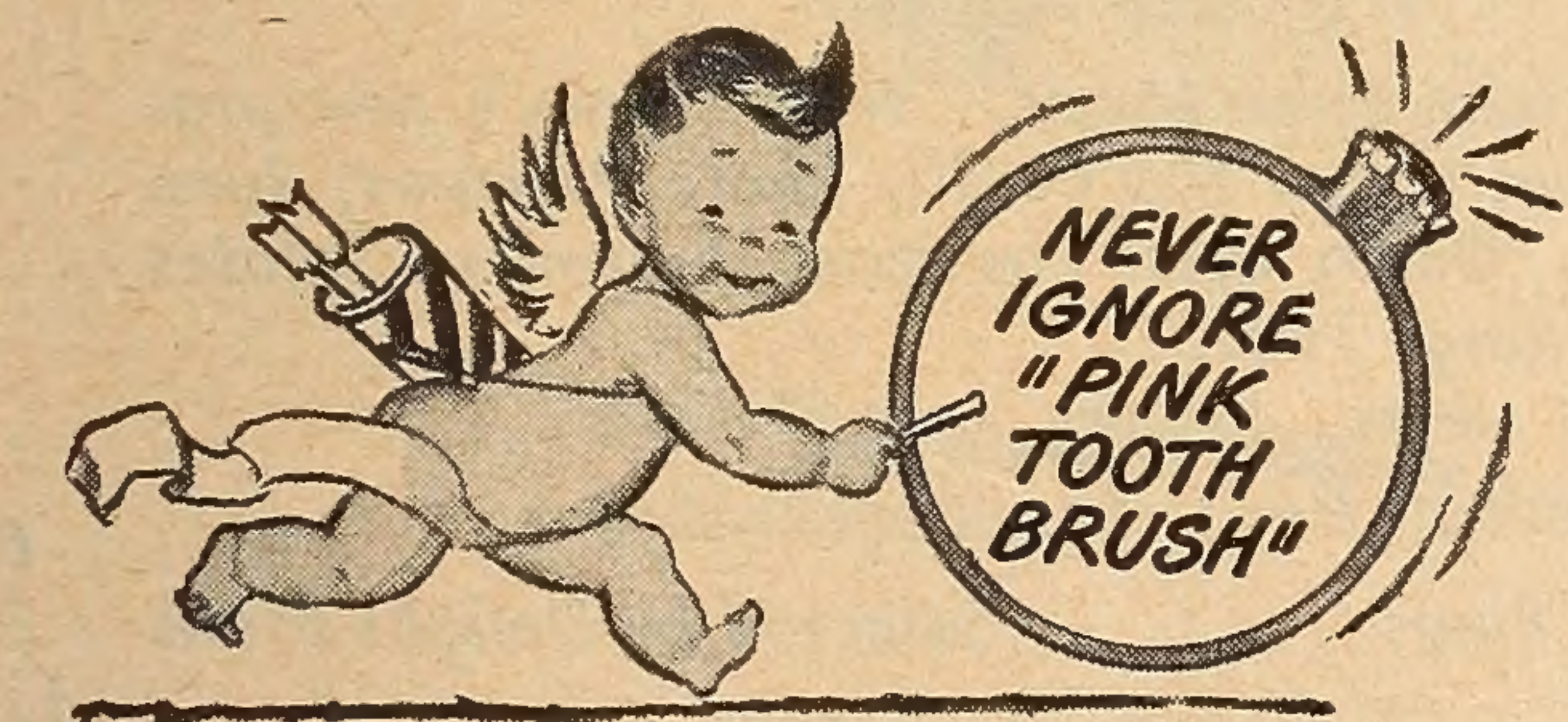
GIRL: Gal can dream, can't she? *Look* at engagement rings, can't she?

CUPID: Sure. But what's the good when she looks like you?

GIRL: Why you little—! Listen, I may be a plain girl—

CUPID: But, Baby, you wouldn't look it if you'd just sparkle at people once in a while. Smile at 'em. *Gleam!*

GIRL: With my dull teeth, I should *gleam*? I brush 'em but all I get is no gleam. And lately, "pink tooth brush."



CUPID: And your dentist . . . ?

GIRL: What dentist?

CUPID: *What dentist?* Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist*? He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise and suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Pygmy, are you talking about my dentist, my smile, or what?

CUPID: The works, Sis. Because a sparkling smile depends largely on healthy gums. And Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you're on the way to a sparkling smile . . . one that'll put a gleam in the eye of every lad who sees you!

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**
Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Sometimes we wish we were a novelist—just for the thrill of seeing our words brought magically to the screen.



As M-G-M has just done, for instance, with A. J. Cronin's modern romantic masterpiece, "The Green Years".

If we had written "The Green Years", we'd be especially proud of having created the whole galaxy of fascinating characters who would shine before us in the hushed and darkened theatre, the living images of what we'd envisioned.

There would be young Robert Shannon—handsome, sensitive, fighting his way in a hostile world. And Alison, Robert's sweetheart, loveliest of all our heroines! And Grandfather Gow, as rollicking a rogue as ever caroused across the screen!

We'd see that first kiss of the lovers... and Robie's struggle against a friendless town... and the feud of Grandpa Gow with his ghoulish in-laws!

And we'd marvel at how perfectly each character has been cast, as though born to the role.



There couldn't be a better "Dandie" Gow than Charles Coburn; a more splendid Robert than Tom Drake; a lovelier Alison than Beverly Tyler. This, by the way, is Beverly's first—and very impressive—featured role.

Laurels would certainly go to Director Victor Saville and Producer Leon Gordon; to screen play writers Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien; and to a fine supporting cast: Hume Cronyn, Gladys Cooper, Dean Stockwell, Selena Royle, Jessica Tandy, and Richard Haydn.

Yes, if we were A. J. Cronin, we'd be very happy to see "The Green Years" on the screen. But since we're a columnist and not the novelist, we take our delight in typing out this sincere tribute and signing it

—Lea



SCREENLAND

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JUNE, 1946

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

SCREENLAND



At seventeen a girl's heart is so wise—a boy's so achingly unsure. That's the way it is with Alison and Robie in this tender picture of the green years—those years so full of laughter and heartbreak.

M-G-M has caught, with vibrant warmth and understanding, the spirit of this modern masterpiece...

A. J. Cronin's



THE GREEN YEARS

M-G-M presents A. J. CRONIN'S "THE GREEN YEARS" starring CHARLES COBURN with TOM DRAKE • BEVERLY TYLER • HUME CRONYN • Gladys Cooper
Dean Stockwell • Richard Haydn • Screen Play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien • Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Leon Gordon • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



(Formerly known as those difficult days, those certain days or just "those days")

Tampax users may agree on the superiority of this method of monthly hygiene, but their reasons vary widely.



GLORIA SAYS: "I CAN GO IN SWIMMING" Yes, Tampax is internally worn, without external belts, pins or pads. You don't feel it when in use and you need not remove it for your shower, tub or swim!

BETSY SAYS: "DON'T NEED A DEODORANT" Right you are, Betsy! With *Tampax* no odor can form and there are other comforts too. No chafing. No bulges. Quick changing; easy disposal. . .



LUCILLE SAYS: "IT RAISES MY MORALE" Tampax relieves embarrassment at such times. So dainty and efficient that millions of modern women have adopted it. For sale at drug stores, notion counters, in 3 absorbencies.

HELEN SAYS: "A DOCTOR STARTED IT" . . . Doctor-invented Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty applicators. So compact that your purse holds a full month's supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



3 absorbencies

REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



★
Is this a real romance? Gail Russell and Guy Madison, left, hold hands at famous night-spot. Below, Bette Davis rehearses a piece of business with Dinah Shore and George Montgomery before airshow. Seen at bottom of the page are Cyd Charisse, lovely dancer, and Lina Roday, popular singer, getting a healthful workout at the beach.
★



NEVER in the history of Hollywood casting has there been so much rivalry among the male stars. The rôle of *Captain Ravic* in Eric Remarque's "Arch of Triumph" is the cause of it all. Helmut Dantine, Paul Henreid, Jean Pierre Aumont and Kurt Kreuger are just a few of the actors who would forfeit the family jewels for a crack at it. The lucky one will undoubtedly become a great star. And don't these boys know it!

NOW we've heard everything. At the preview of "Two Sisters from Boston," Van Johnson parked that wad of gum under a theater seat. When the lights went on after the show there was a mad scramble amongst the bobby-soxers in the audience who wanted it for a souvenir of the gala occasion. From where we sat, plenty of them got stuck with it!



Hot
from
Hollywood

catches **BOB**
BABS
With
her
boots
Off!



Paramount
presents

Barbara Stanwyck
Robert Cummings
Diana Lynn



**"The Bride
Wore Boots"**

with
PATRIC KNOWLES
PEGGY WOOD
ROBERT BENCHLEY
WILLIE BEST
Directed by Irving Pichel
Produced by Seton I. Miller
Screen Play by Dwight Mitchell Wiley



NONSPI

The Complete
Deodorant

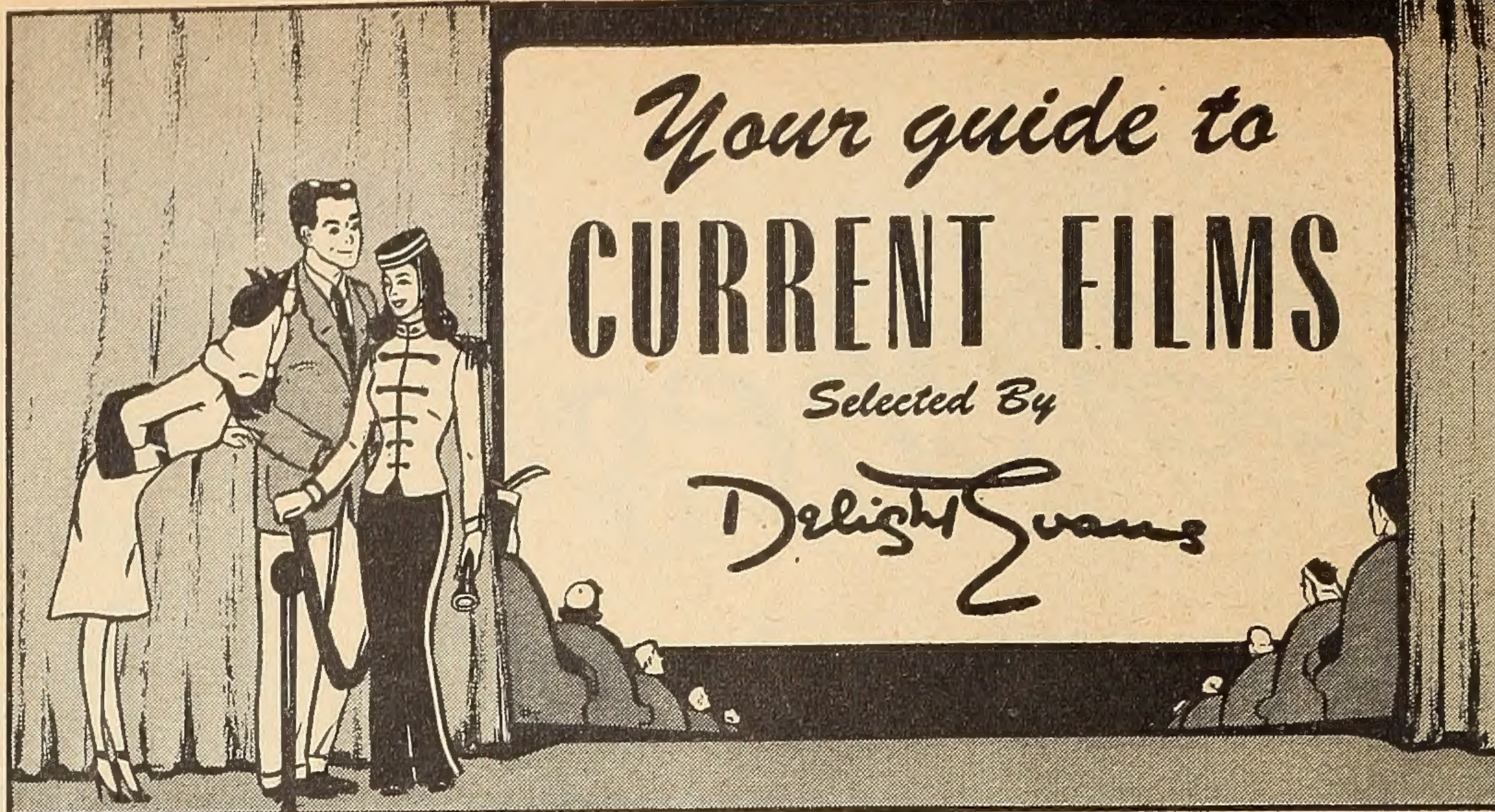


Checks Perspiration!
ALSO
Prevents Odor!



★
You get Long-
Lasting Protection
with Dependable
Nonspi

35¢ and 60¢ Plus Tax ★ At all cosmetic counters



Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD—RKO



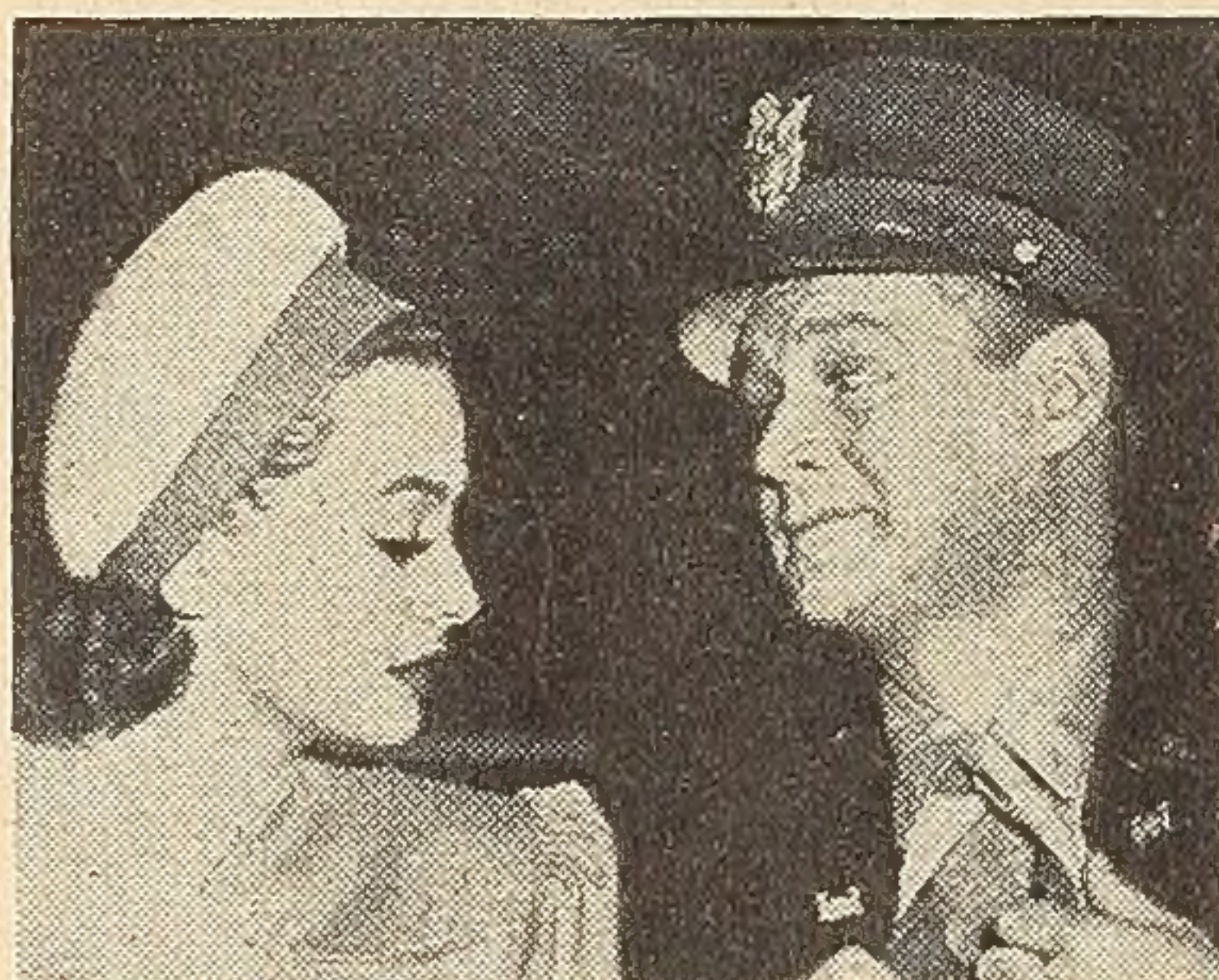
Aside from presenting a charming cinematic marital combination of the lovely Joan Fontaine and Mark Stevens, a personality who'll top your list of new favorites, this film gives an interesting account of our economics of the past ten years. Many returning veterans will find added interest in the pivotal scene from which the story is flashed back. It's the United States Employment Office where Mark Stevens is trying to get a job. With each question he answers he remembers the incidents of his marriage—their heartbreaks during depression, their simple joys. We've all heard it before, but never so eloquently as these stars play it.

THE GREEN YEARS—MGM



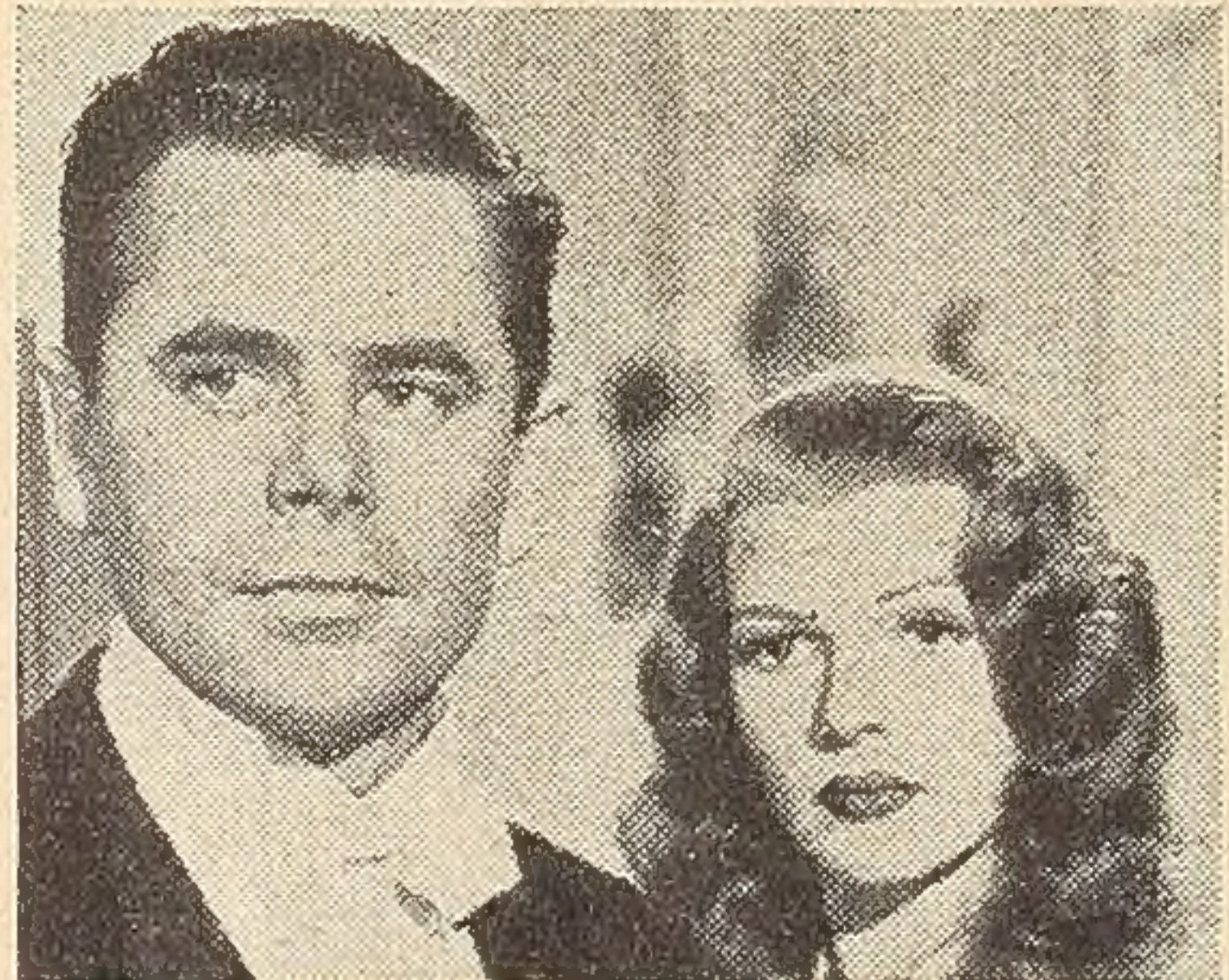
Emerging from the superb novel by A. J. Cronin is one of this year's best movies, setting a high standard to be topped. Colorful, engrossing, it has an inspiring treatise on religious tolerance interwoven in the story of the little orphaned Irish lad brought up by Scotch grandparents, and a worthy example of tenacity in the boy's struggle to climb above his station in life to become a doctor. The king-pin character, the bibulous great-grandfather, is a masterpiece by Charles Coburn. Running close seconds are Dean Stockwell and Tom Drake, both compellingly sincere. Of special note in cast are Hume Cronyn, Beverly Tyler, Selena Royle.

THE WELL-GROOMED BRIDE—Paramount



You have no idea how much trouble—or fun—one magnum of champagne can cause until you have seen this gay comedy with Ray Milland, Olivia DeHavilland and Sonny Tufts vying for the bottle in the leading rôles. No, not even one sip was taken from it. The whole thing starts when Ray Milland's tough superior officer, James Gleason, Navy Captain, orders him to get the magnum to launch his ship. Olivia DeHavilland wants it to launch her wedding to Sonny Tufts, Army Lieutenant and ex-football hero eager to reenact any play. It's anyone's guess who gets the bottle and whom she marries, until Constance Dowling horns in.

GILDA—Columbia



There is much to whet the movie appetite in this torrid story about the devoted friendship between the owner of a swank casino and its manager; the combustible mixture of love, hate and revenge caused by glamorous, exciting *Gilda*; the intrigue of a secret tungsten cartel operating in Buenos Aires. All that and Rita Hayworth, too, giving her best to top tune, "Put the Blame on Mame, Boys," and a pseudo-strip specialty number that will set the wolves to howling. Glenn Ford, back from the Marines, is magnificent as the manager who runs the casino as well as the owner's unfaithful wife. As menace, George Macready will make you shiver.

SPECTRE OF THE ROSE—Republic



Ben Hecht's arty opus about the ballet will go a long way toward stimulating movie-goers' interest in the terpsichorean world in general, and Ivan Kirov in particular. With a physique like that, a charmingly boyish personality, and the easy grace of his amazing leaps and bounds in the ballet of the same title, how could he miss? Viola Essen, a prima ballerina in her own right, proves herself equally attractive, and more than capable of the demanding acting chores as wife of the half-mad *Sanine*. Michael Chekov, as harried impresario, Judith Anderson, eccentric ballet teacher, and Lionel Stander as self-esteemed genius, are excellent.

Now Presenting

"THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING NEW STAR!"

DANE CLARK IS WINNER OF "MOTION PICTURE HERALD'S" NATION-WIDE THEATRE POLL!

**A DOUBLE CRIME
THAT WORKED**

**A DOUBLE-CROSS
THAT DIDN'T!...**



**IT'S WARNERS AGAIN FOR EXCITEMENT AND
ADVENTURE! HERE'S A STORY CRAM-FULL OF
BOTH SO DON'T MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF IT!**

(THE RUGGEST PAIR
IN PICTURES
PAIR-OFF!

**DANE CLARK
ZACHARY SCOTT
JANIS PAIGE**

THAT NEW GAL—BRINGING
A LUSCIOUS NEW 'SOMETHING' TO PICTURES!

"HER KIND OF MAN"

DIRECTED BY FREDERICK de CORDOVA with FAYE EMERSON • GEORGE TOBIAS • HOWARD SMITH • HARRY LEWIS • PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB
Screen Play by Gordon Kahn and Leopold Atlas • Original Story by Charles Hoffman and James V. Kern

WARNER REMINDER: See 'SARATOGA TRUNK' yet? Be mighty sure to — or you'll be mighty sorry...

SCREENLAND



Here's a happy woman, Active, poised and free— Safe with Meds' protection, Meds' security!

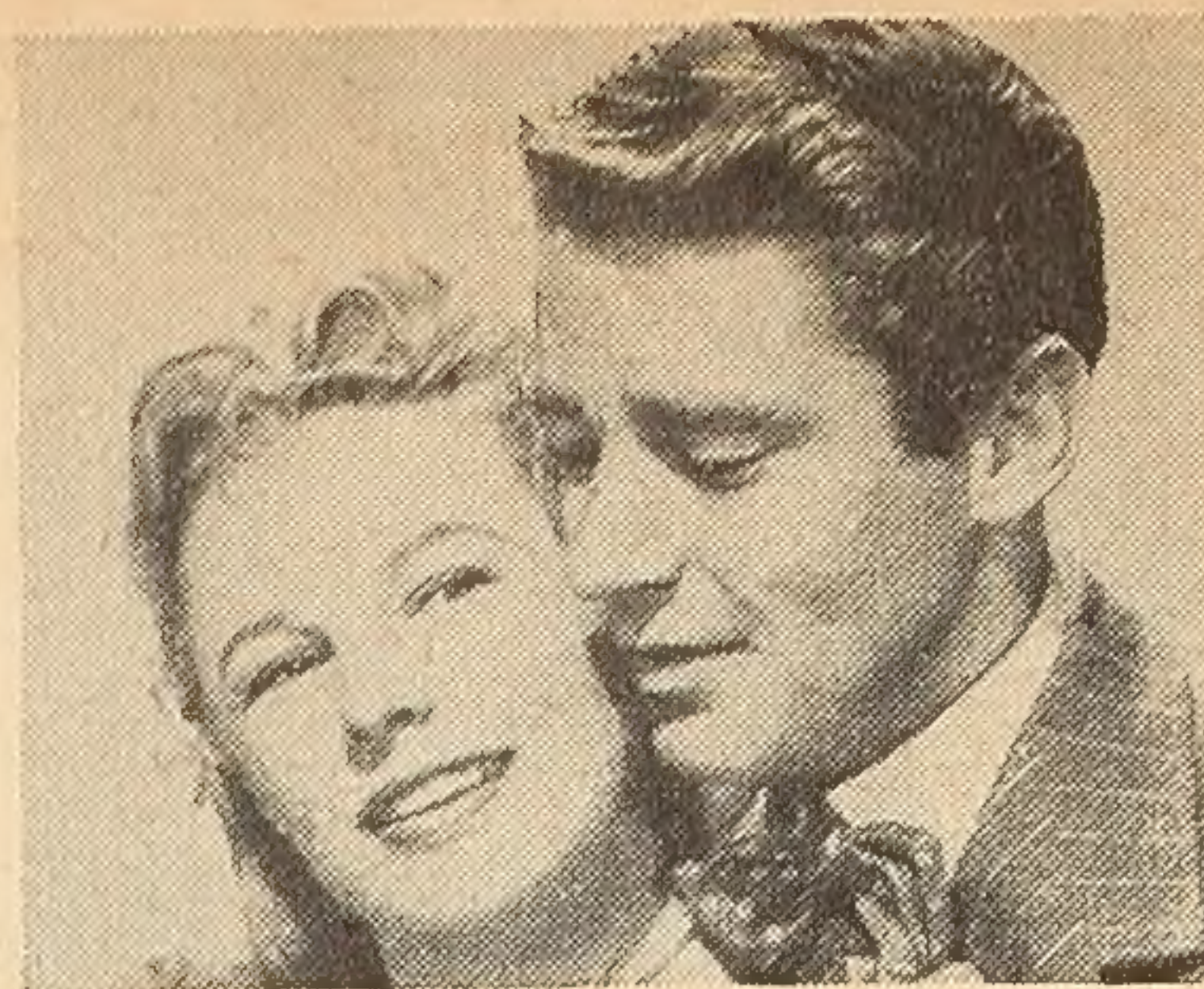
Have a grand and carefree summer! Enjoy convenience and comfort, extra-security and an easy mind—with Meds internal protection. Meds can be changed in a moment, disposed of easily and a day's supply carried in your handbag.

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

Meds only **25¢**
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.



TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON—MGM

Joe Pasternak does a neat blend of opera and burlesque in his latest musical with the talent of Kathryn Grayson effectively and entertainingly exploited in both categories. Just wait until you hear her sing the beer hall nifty, "There Are Two Sides to Every Girl," with the assistance of that inimitable Jimmy Durante! Story elements also deal in contrasts, with June Allyson playing the other sister in a staid Bostonian family whose friends raise horrified eyebrows over their doings in the big city. They may raise eyebrows but you'll be highly amused when June gets an opera audition for her sister and falls in love with Peter Lawford (umm, nice!). Lauritz Melchior is excellent as a temperamental opera star, heckled by charming newcomer to his world of song.



A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA—United Artists

The mysterious goings-on in a Casablanca hotel provide an eventful story to give zest to this Marx Brothers comedy—their first since 1941—produced by David L. Loew. Groucho causes merriment with his usual slouch walk in the rôle of the hotel manager, a job in which three predecessors have been murdered. Chico plays the owner of the camel-taxis, adding a delightful turn at the piano. But you'll have to wait a little longer to hear Harpo speak. He manages expertly with his whistle-talk, which only Chico can interpret. Charles Drake, a French aviator in search of Nazi loot to clear charges against him, and Lois Collier, pretty secretary, add romance. Lisette Verrea and Sig Ruman score as villains.



LITTLE GIANT—Universal

More attention than usual has been paid to story and characterizations in this new Abbott and Costello comedy, without detracting from the special comedy talents of the team. In the delineation of *Benny*, the country bumpkin who turns failure as a vacuum cleaner salesman into success with a remarkable memory routine, Costello makes good use of his special brand of humor. Abbott contrasts neatly in the double rôle of the finagling manager of the home office, and the nice boss of a branch office. Romance rears her pretty head for Costello (at last!) in the person of cute, pert Elena Verdugo, with Brenda Joyce and sophisticated Jacqueline De Wit as complications.



POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE—MGM

Plenty of people will want to see gorgeous Lana Turner and romantic John Garfield as *Cora* and *Frank* in the film version of James Cain's novel. Others will want to see how this widely-discussed book could be made into acceptable movie fare. There will be a degree of satisfaction for all, but production difficulties, even though they are expertly handled by Carey Wilson, preclude complete approval. The story is there in almost every incident: the love affair of the gas-attendant and his boss's wife (leaving much to the imagination); their attempt to murder her husband, finally succeeding on the second try; the travesty on justice suspending the case; *Cora's* death and *Frank's* indictment for her murder. It will cause comment, pro and con—but please exclude the children.



EASY TO WED—MGM

There's no doubt that this is Van Johnson's picture, tailored expertly to elicit squeals from his fan following, and also to please and amuse those who haven't yet fallen under his spell. Fitting hand in glove is his rôle of the boyishly irresistible ex-hooper and reporter who, fired from his paper, is hired back to make love to a beautiful and alluring heiress (that's Esther Williams, exquisite in Technicolor) who's suing for libel. Contributing still more substantially to the entertainment are Lucille Ball as the dizzy chorus girl who's tricked into actually marrying the Casanova to enter a countersuit, and Keenan Wynn, doing an especially nice job as a high-pressure managing editor. It's fun definitely easy to take.



HER KIND OF MAN—Warners

Here's another "borderline" badman to add to the list of those swarming through the theaters these days. In this case it's Zachary Scott as the misguided character who turns to gambling for an easy living and ends up a fugitive from an old murder rap back in prohibition days. Janis Paige plays his girl friend and his reason for it all in glamorous modern attire—an anachronism you probably will be glad to overlook. Dane Clark is debonair as the columnist she should have loved. He hovers about protectingly, but is ineffective in changing the course of events, which you know must end in apprehending the criminal, who, by this time, is also her husband. Sad, isn't it?

*It's the
Comedy Hit
of the Year!*



Ring out with those roars! Let go with those laughs! Here comes
the merriest, madcap merry-go-round that ever
rolled you up and down the aisles!

Paramount presents

"THE WELL GROOMED BRIDE"

starring

Olivia DeHavilland
Ray Milland
Sonny Tufts

with

James Gleason • Constance Dowling • Percy Kilbride • Jean Heather

Produced by Fred Kohlmar • Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Screen Play by Claude Binyon and Robert Russell



*'Ray
Milland!*

*That Oscar winning Movie Man of the Year
follows up his sensational "The Lost Weekend"
performance with a new screen high in
romantic hilarity! He's out for fun!*

Blue Swan QUIZ



**WHAT'S
THIS?**
(see answer
at bottom)



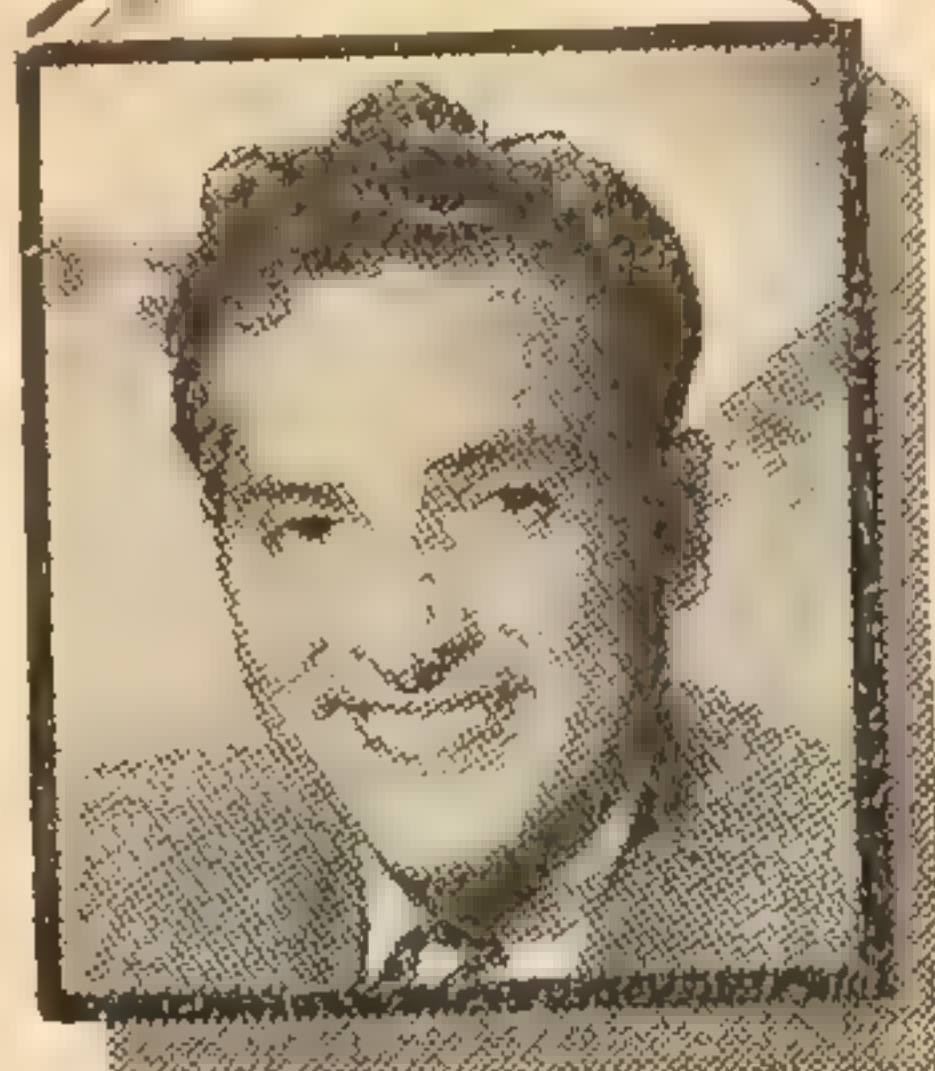
**THE TRADEMARK THAT MEANS
THE FINEST IN UNDIES!**
No need to guess... look for the
famous Blue Swan Undies...
in whispery soft fabrics cleverly
styled to fit and flatter.



Blue Swan Mills, Inc.
EMPIRE STATE BLDG
NEW YORK

**—AS SEEN BY YOUR EAR!
THAT'S A TELEPHONE RECEIVER**

ARTURO
DE CORDOVA



BARBARA
HALE



CHARLES
LAUGHTON



FRANCES
RAMSDEN



Fans' Forum



Notes and Votes

Did you see a movie, or a star, recently which won your special vote of approval? Or disapproval? Make a note of it and mail post haste to Fans' Forum. It'll do you more good to tell someone about your likes and dislikes than to store them away in your own brain cells. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$10.00

As a wife of a combat veteran of World War II, I know all too well the enormous value of movies not only in wartime but in peacetime, too. During the war my husband and I enjoyed the best of movies at several Army posts where he was stationed before going overseas. While he was on duty and after he went overseas, the movies became an important part of my life as a lonesome service wife for recreation, relaxation and even education. My husband also appreciated the all too few opportunities he had to see American movies and said many times that they helped him and his friends in many ways to "get through" hours of stress and strain.

Now, as an average young married American couple, we continue to find in movies a form of inexpensive enjoyment, relaxation and an opportunity to keep up with what's going on in the post-war world.

But with my husband and other veterans in mind, I would like to make the following suggestions regarding movies:

1. That the movie-makers continue to show the better pictures of the war years which so many servicemen have missed seeing. Many of us would enjoy them over again sharing them with these veterans.

2. That a footnote be added to films about the war regarding actual incidents or

people, telling what actually happened to these people and if they came through safely. (For example, what about the pilots and their wives in "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo," and how have they readjusted their lives after serving in the war? Or the men in "They Were Expendable," and the nurse?)

3. That the addresses of the movie studios be displayed in the lobbies of theaters so that people may write to express their opinions, likes and dislikes and thus guide future movies.

MRS. FRANK L. DUNN, Cambridge, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER \$5.00

Maybe this letter is out of line, but I have just returned from three years overseas. We saw many Stateside movies, and thanks, Hollywood, for showing them to us, as we seldom saw a white woman. In many ways they prepared us for what we would find on return. But in one respect they didn't. They didn't in any way portray the way Stateside girls really look!

Perhaps Hollywood designers are out of touch with the fashions the public chooses. Perhaps they don't want to be in touch. But if they have any idea that they lead the public taste—to eyes that haven't seen U. S. girls for three years—it seems they don't.

Take the matter of hairdos, which are a good index. The hairdos portrayed on current screens just have no relation to what the majority of girls are wearing. Joan-of-Arc bangs, for example, are everywhere, and looking mighty nice, too. But try to find them on any movie star, on the current screen! I see lots of "shorty" cuts wherever I go—but no examples on the screen. It's the same with square shoulders, hips, skirt-lengths and so on. Hollywood is out of step with U. S. girls. Anyway, that's how it seems to a long-time-no-see veteran, who is very conscious of the latest feminine styles girls are wearing.

Oh yes, one exception: on page 54 of March SCREENLAND there is a picture of one banged beauty, Frances Ramsden, newcomer—and more power to her!

SELBY CORBETT, Los Angeles, Calif.

The motion picture
to hold you on
the keen knife
edge of...

Mad, unholy desire...
strange, diabolical hate,
and an all-consuming love
with murder as its motive.

SUSPENSE

Vigorous screen entertainment
starkly exposing a beautiful girl's
evil destiny which brings disaster
to the men who love her. Every
thrill-packed moment an experi-
ence in gripping "suspense."

"SUSPENSE" A KING BROTHERS PRODUCTION *starring* BELITA • BARRY SULLIVAN • BONITA GRANVILLE
ALBERT DEKKER with EUGENE PALLETTE • Miguelito Valdes • Bobby Ramos & His Band • Produced by MAURICE and
FRANKLIN KING • Directed by Frank Tuttle • Original Screenplay by Philip Yordan • Music by Daniele Amfitheatrof • A MONOGRAM PICTURE



**HERE IS
THRILLING NEW
HOPE**



**MAKE
THIS
EASY
7-DAY
TEST**

**DO YOU WANT ...
LONGER HAIR?**

★ THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY
SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR ★ ★ ★ ★
Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

● **AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!**
Just try this **System** on your **HAIR** seven
days and see if you are really enjoying the
pleasure of **LONGER HAIR** that can
capture Love and Romance for you.

● **Hair May Get Longer**
when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the
dry, brittle, breaking off hair can be retarded by
supplementing the natural hair oils, it has a chance
to get longer and much more beautiful. Just try
the easy **JUELENE** System 7 days and let your
mirror prove results. Your money back if not de-
lighted. See if Juelene's tendency to help your hair
to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it
has been before—in just one short week helps
your hair gain its normal beauty. Mail the coupon.

● **Thrilling Results!**

Just mail the convenient introductory coupon. Take
advantage of this **Fully Guaranteed** Introductory
Offer today, and know at last the happiness of pos-
sessing really lovelier hair and be envied by so many.
JUEL COMPANY, 1930 Irving Park Rd., Chicago 13, Ill.

IF YOU DO WANT LONGER HAIR

Mail This INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

**JUEL COMPANY, Dept. M-602,
1930 Irving Park Road, Chicago 13, Ill.**

Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the
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\$1.00 Each**

Living in a small town where movies
come late, I just had the opportunity of
seeing "First Yank Into Tokyo," and a per-
formance by an unknown actress worthy of
the Academy Award.

Who is Barbara Hale? Her performance
carried the under-current that carried the
picture. Her ability to portray love and
emotion brought tears to the eyes of every-
one who ever knew what she seemingly felt.

Come on, you discoverers who know
talent when you see it, run off a few reels
of "First Yank Into Tokyo" and take a
second look. Build her up and you'll have
a star on your hands. She's ideal for the
lead in Pearl Buck's latest novel, "Portrait
of a Marriage." Give it to her—and watch
her shine.

MARGO STRANGE, North Bend, Ore.

I just love pirates—so of course I went
to see "Captain Kidd" and found he was a
crime wave in himself.

Charles Laughton always gives me the
shivers—and I sort of expected something
more like his *Captain Bligh* in "Mutiny on
the Bounty." But he wasn't like that a bit.
He made his *William Kidd* a queer sort of
pirate—a cunning Cockney with a black,
callous heart, a treacherous mind, a pious
overlay to both, and social ambitions top-
ping it all. He dispatches anyone in his path
without compunction, and always pauses
afterward to lift his eyes and murmur,
"Rest in peace." What a man!

There was no "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of
rum" business in Laughton's *Captain Kidd*.
In fact he might be a ruthless Black Mar-

keteer of the present day. Nevertheless,
there's no lack of excitement, and I sat
and shivered, enthralled, as he laid his
villainous schemes.

There is no other actor quite like Charles
Laughton—when he has a part he can really
sink his teeth into.

BETTY TOLES, Colorado Springs, Colo.

May I beg to differ with G. Schaye of
New York City concerning the dramatic
ability of Arturo de Cordova in American-
made films?

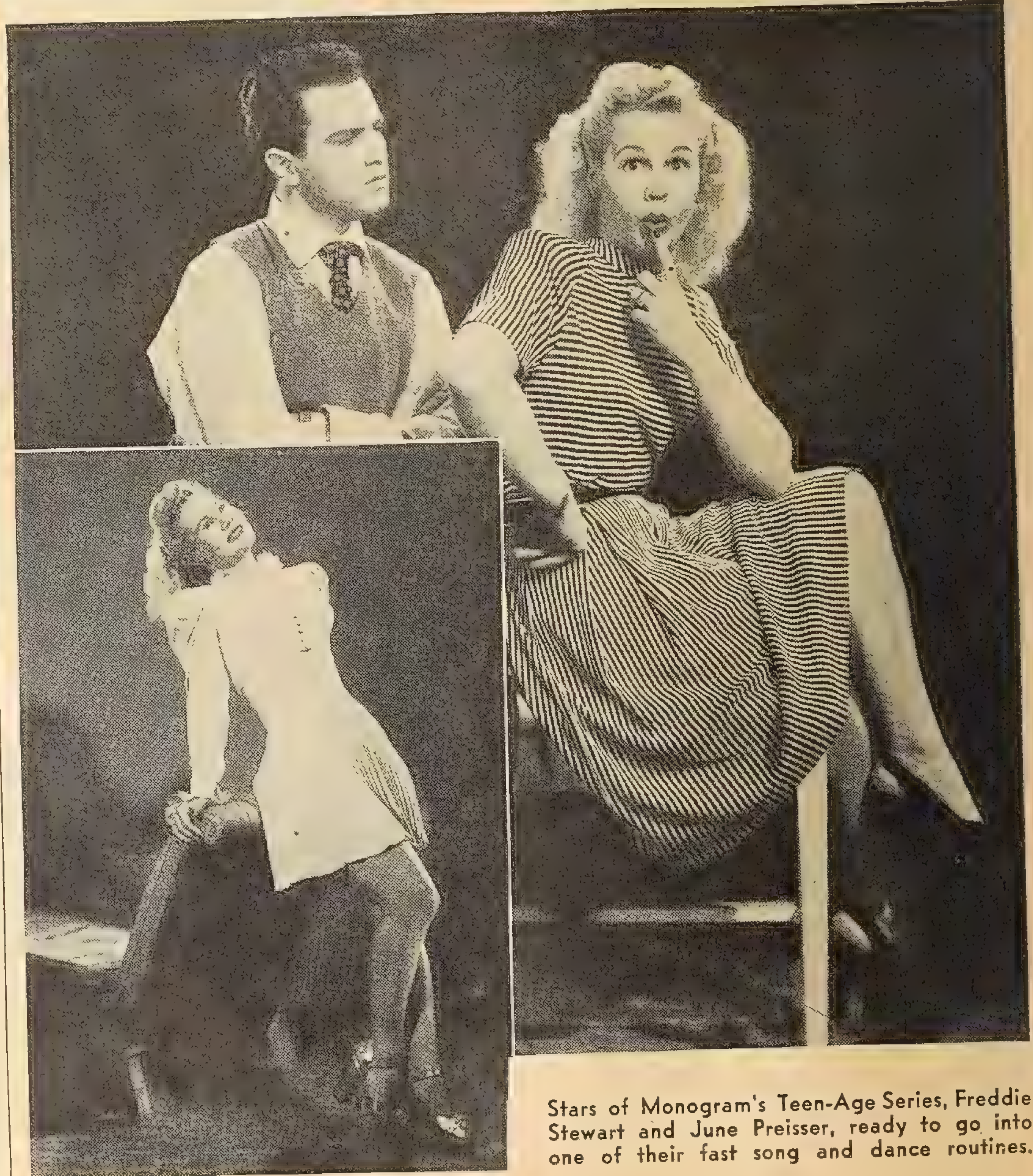
Has Mr. Schaye (I assume it is Mr.
Schaye) seen de Cordova in "Incendiary
Blonde," in which he so capably portrayed
Romero Kilgannon? Or has he seen
"Frenchmen's Creek"? The rôle of the
dashing pirate was created for no finer an
actor than Arturo de Cordova. Granted
that Mr. de Cordova's latest film, "Mas-
querade in Mexico," was a wishy-washy
affair, but many great actors are cast in
poor pictures many times. Faulty casting
and a poor play certainly cannot be the
actor's responsibility. Do you agree?

Aside to Arturo de Cordova—hubba,
hubba!

ETHEL A. HANSON, Steward, Ill.

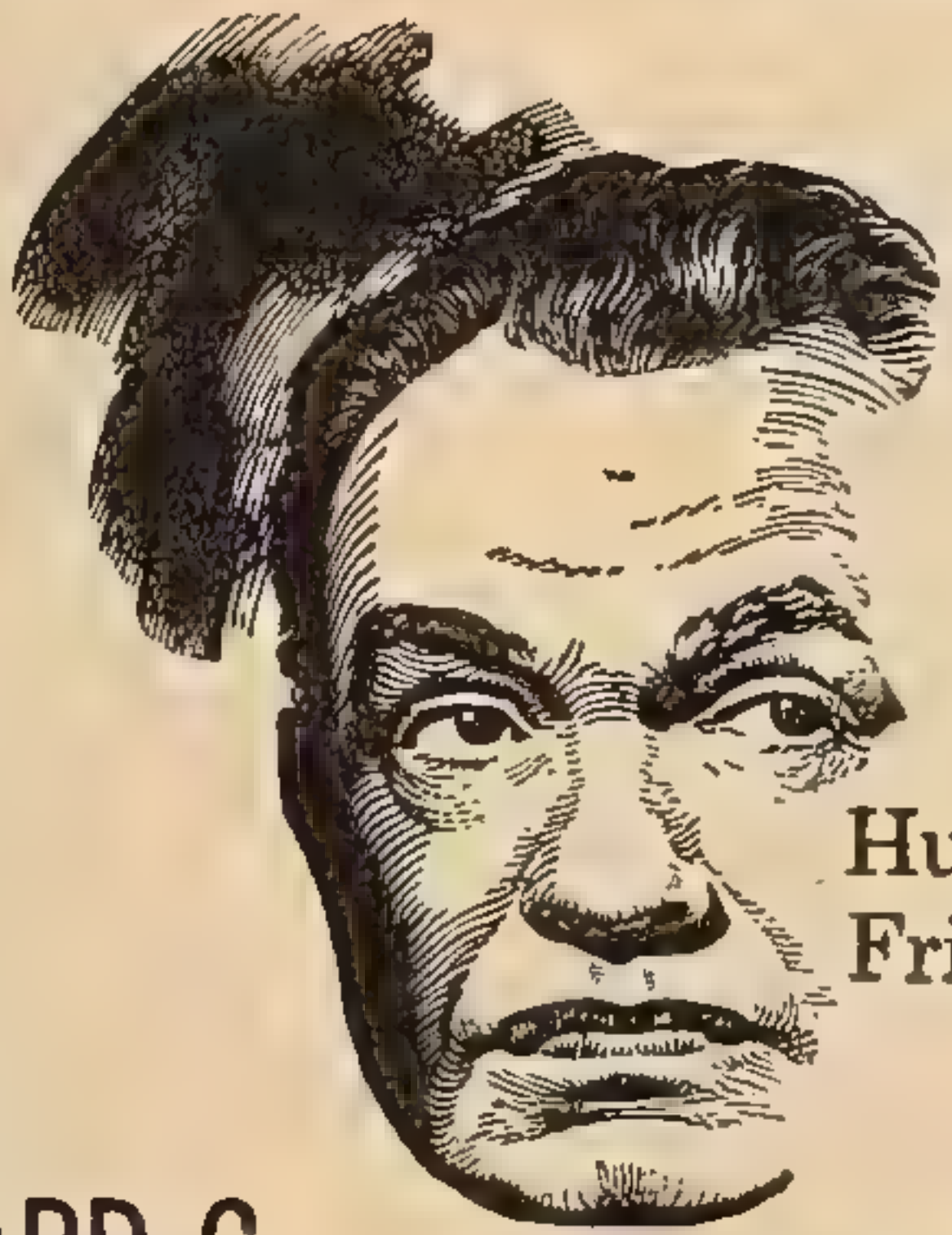
Everywhere I go I hear how simply
super Van Johnson is and John Hodiak,
Robert Walker, and Cornel Wilde. And
once I would have agreed, but that was
during the war. I thought oleo was an ex-
cellent substitute for butter, too, and I ate
it as long as I had to. But now the war is
over and I'd like to see the old favorites
back.

There is no doubt about it; Van has
(Please turn to page 20)



Stars of Monogram's Teen-Age Series, Freddie
Stewart and June Preisser, ready to go into
one of their fast song and dance routines.

*After what you've
done to me...
KILL
ME!*



Hunter—or prey?
Friend or Stranger?

EDWARD G.

ROBINSON



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touch of the
Stranger!

LORETTA

YOUNG



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master of deceit!

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WELLES



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Story by VICTOR TRIVAS and DECLA DUNNING

Screenplay by ANTHONY VEILLER

AN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

(THE HAIG CORPORATION) Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES

Directed by

ORSON WELLES





Popular gal! Jane's dressing table at Republic Studios is crowded with her collection of photos of her dates—take notice that John Dall's pictures occupy the place of honor. At right, cowboy star Sunset Carson drops in to watch Jane in the rôle of a movie bride in "Lonely Hearts Club," in which Jimmy Lydon, left, is featured.



Janie's Date Book

Jane Withers is really grown up! One of Hollywood's most in-demand debs, Janie keeps a photo album of her boy friends, gets married for the first time on the screen in "Lonely Hearts Club," but says she's serious only about her acting

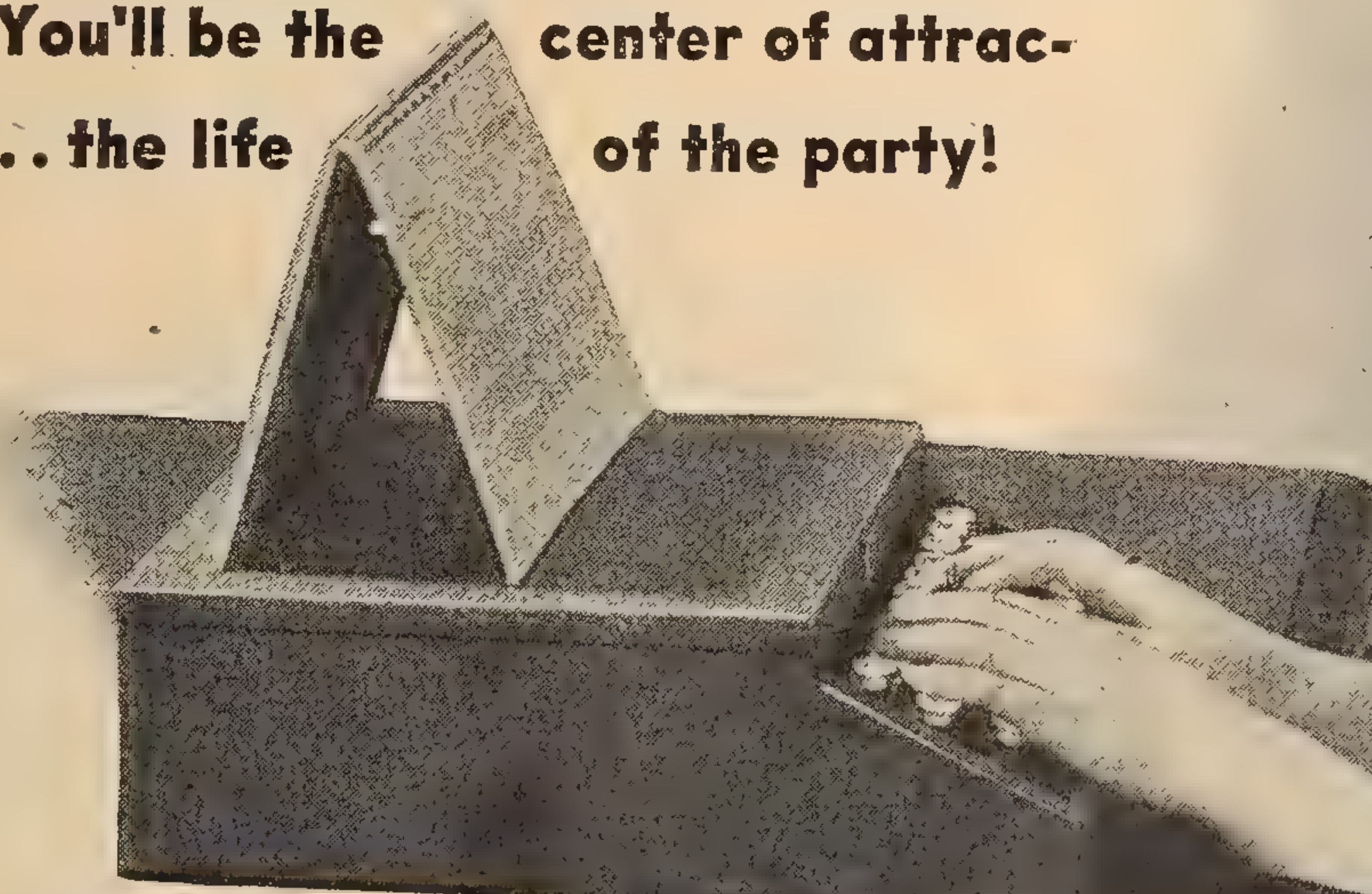
Dick Clayton, looking at Janie's date album, comes across a big picture of himself, so he shows enthusiasm for the whole idea.



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**Be sure to take beauty
with you on your vacation**

ARE YOU all set for a beautiful Summer? It is time now that you should be ready for fun in the sun, and the lovely Lamour and glamorous Jane Russell seem to have a number of ideas on how to

Let The Sun Make You Lovely



Come on, sun! Look at that becoming tan. Dorothy is an outdoor girl and all in favor of longer, more beautiful Summers.

get the most from vacations. Dorothy loves lakes, while Miss Russell can evidently have a delightful time at the sea shore in her off hours. But both of them have the same beauty secret. It is being prepared ahead of time so as to avoid a painful sunburn.

Start early in the Summer to get your skin into sun-shape. The best way to get a tan, of course, is to take your sunlight straight for about ten minutes the first time you expose tender skin to the sunlight in a new season. The skin of your shoulders and back is likely to be sensitive so be careful not to stay in the sun too long before putting on your favorite sunburn cream, oil or lotion. And even with the sunburn protective on your skin, don't overdo the time you stay out at first. As your skin tans it will need less protection and will be able to stay longer in the sun. This is because nature manufactures a protection in the skin itself in the form of those tiny pigment cells which form the tan. If you are going to be near salt water, be particularly careful. You should provide yourself with beach oil for use at the shore. Rub it on frequently as it will disappear into the skin.

Perhaps you are one of those who want to look as if you had a

becoming tan before you have that real thing. Then tinted makeup films are for you. You can do a smooth job with those clever fingers of yours and should certainly be able to fool your public. Hollywood stars have discovered that it is even possible today to have a creamy foundation especially blended to the exact tone of tan they wish.

One young star—definitely the outdoor type—freckles easily. She has found that



Happy gal! Here's Dorothy Lamour in her speed boat at Lake Arrowhead. See her in Paramount's "Masquerade in Mexico."

**By
Josephine
Felts**



Jane Russell, dramatic star of "Young Widow," has fun at seashore. She keeps a hairbrush handy to control curly waves.

she can help avoid this by using her sunburn preventive cream as her regular powder foundation all Summer long. She wears it in town as well as out. She powders over it exactly as if it were a powder base.

You'll find it wise to take off your protective makeup each night with a quick melting cleansing cream. And stars whose skins are sensitive are careful to smooth and soften the skin of face and throat after exposure, with one of the rich emollient creams. They wipe it off after about fifteen minutes. Even a short time is of value.

Your tanned skin will call for different makeup. Not only a new color of rouge and lipstick, but just as important, a new shade of nail polish. Your hands will tan beautifully and naturally. Be sure the color of polish you use has a slight orange cast rather than blue tone, to go with it. You'll use less rouge in Summer and a lipstick that, like the nail polish, is more an orange than a blue-red. Summer calls for waterproof mascara, and put the eyeshadow away in a special compartment called: "Open next Fall." Instead, touch cream to your eyelids.

Did you ever wonder how it is that on the screen you see stars dashing in and out of the water, playing hard and yet their hair always looks lovely? A good permanent helps, of course, but many beauty-wise glamor girls use brilliantine to help control their waves. Spread a little light oil or brilliantine on the palms of your hands and smooth them over your hair before exposure to the sun. A little sun on your hair is definitely tonic and beautifying; too much will finally result in a harsh strawlike look.

So far, not a word about the fact that you've a pair of perfectly nice legs you'd like to have tanned for several reasons. One reason, of course, is that if they were tanned just dark enough you'd probably go without stockings and without leg makeup, too. Well, that's a neat trick if you can do it. Most of us are too busy and so use one of the variety of tinted creams or lotions that have all sorts of names from liquid stockings to just plain leg makeup. Directions are plainly given on all the packages and you will do well to follow exactly what the manufacturer says. He has experimented and knows just what his product will do under certain conditions. These preparations are a boon even without the stocking shortage.

Are you by any chance one of the girls whose skin peels easily and who wonder why? And do you use protective cream and *still* it peels? Skin peeling, like pain, is a sign something is wrong. It shows that a sensitive skin hasn't had enough protection or has been over-exposed to the sun, or both. You have to mix your cosmetics with common sense always. You can't expect miracles, although, sure enough, many of the preparations being made for us today seem almost miraculous in what they do.



Something new in upswept hairdos! Pat Alphin adds rosebuds to ringlets.



It isn't your necklace they'll notice, Pet!

**No one overlooks underarm odor—
so look to Mum for protection**

IT'S A GIFT—the way you wear jewels for smart effect.

But, honey, can't you see? Even the loveliest of trinkets fails to be effective when charm itself fades away.

So don't stop at washing away *past* perspiration. But *do* guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. Let Mum give un-

derarms the special care they need.

Mum smooths on in half a minute. Keeps you bath-fresh and sweet—safe from offending underarm odor all day or evening long.

Mum is harmless to skin and clothing. Creamy, snow-white Mum is so quick and easy to use—before or *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar of Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.



Mum

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Fans' Forum

Continued from page 14

a warm personality, but then so has Lew Ayres; John Hodiak has magic in that smile of his, but I'll take Gable's. Robert Walker has a simple, quaint manner about him, but I like William Holden's just as well. All the girls think Cornel Wilde is superb at sword dueling, but, girls, wait till you see Tyrone at it again!

So how about that, Hollywood? Will you call on us once again the way you used to? We'll be waiting.

BILLIE PATTERSON, Springfield, Mass.

"Vacation from Marriage" gave Robert Donat a chance to give another of his brilliant performances. Ah! Such an eloquent picture on marriage. Why, I could have eaten it up just like a luscious cream puff, yes, sir.

Anyone with a little workable imagination and over twenty-five will enjoy it. If your marriage has gone stale, please go see "Vacation from Marriage." After seeing that whimsical picture, you'll have fun trying to imagine how your friends looked many years back. It's a pick-up for boredom in marriage. If you think a little spat is harmful, have a chuckle at Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr as tiffing husband and wife.

It only ran a week in down-town Cleveland and it was whisked away, or I'd have gone to see it again. Our neighborhood houses will have it so I'll see it on a double bill.

I usually don't care for British-made pictures because they are too dark. Heck! In this charming romance, you haven't even time to notice if it is dark or not, it is such a pleasure to watch lovable Robert and winsome Deborah.

STELLA PROKOP, Cleveland, Ohio

HONORABLE MENTION

Once in a great while, a simple motion picture can raise you from the dregs of fear to the pinnacle of high spirits.

That is what Dick Powell's "Cornered" did to me. Outside of proving himself a talented actor (not a plain musical comedy boy any more), he showed me that dogged persistence will bring you to your goal—any goal—as long as you persist hard enough, thoroughly enough, continuously enough.

For this lesson, my sincere thanks to Dick Powell, the cast, the director and the writer of "Cornered."

JEANETTE WINEGARDEN,
Van Nest, N. Y.

While the wartime movie menu was fairly well-balanced, I am hoping the post-war bill-of-fare includes some spicy new dishes. Something meaty yet tasty and flavorful that will lift us out of a too practical world into fanciful realms of delight. A dream-flight now and then is good for the best of men (and women).

True-to-life dramas are often depressing. Maybe I want the floss without the dross, but there should be a happy medium between fairy-tale make-believes and the boogie-woogie backwash of human nature.

A. P. BRYANT, Tulsa, Okla.

It seems to me that the radio is spoiling all "singable" movies by over-using their song hits and theme songs before the public has a chance to see the picture.

I live in a place big enough to have first-release movies; yet the other night when I went to see "The Harvey Girls" on its first run here, the movie was stale to me because I had heard its song hit, "The



Gene Autry, after more than four years with United States Army Air Force, signs up for high-budget musical Westerns, pleasing Republic's president, Herbert J. Yates, as well as thousands of movie fans who have remembered the famous cowboy star.

Atchison, Topeka and the Sante Fe," so over-much on the radio. So, instead of having the feeling that I was listening to a great song hit, I was ready to hit the next person who started to sing it!

I love the movies and I love hit songs. But it does seem that something should be done to protect the movie-loving public from becoming warble-weary before they have a chance to see the picture from whose setting the tunes were taken.

ELIZABETH J. MOORE, Asheville, N. C.

Do my eyes deceive me or am I just seeing things? In a recent issue of SCREENLAND a Miss Betty Bartok, of Ecorse, Michigan, suggested Bacall and Elizabeth Scott do a picture together. I was appalled at the idea myself. Have you ever thought of holding a match to a charge of dynamite? It just wouldn't work, would it? Neither would her suggestion. Bacall is different, has talent, is a really fine actress, and has a style of acting all her own.

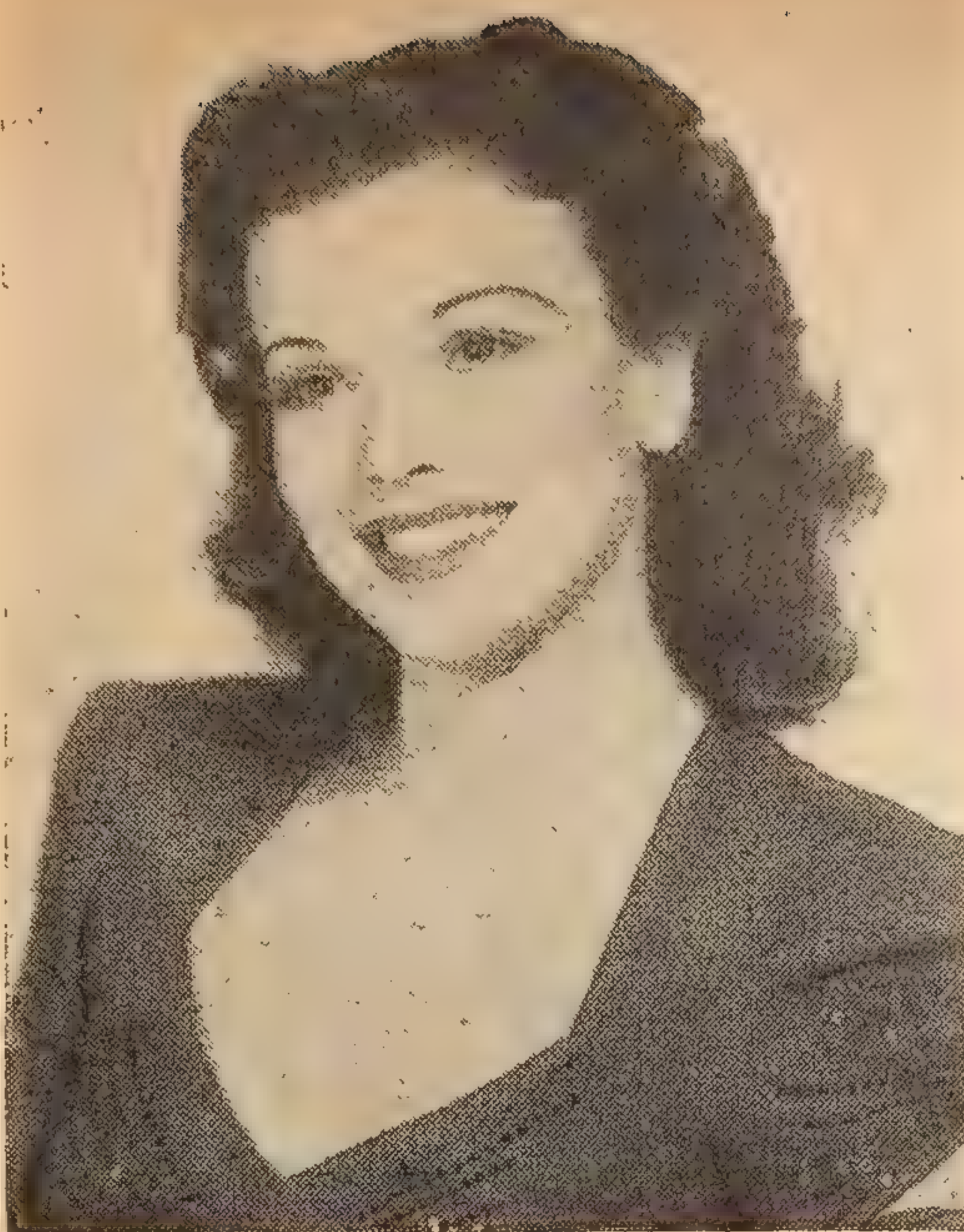
Put Scott in a picture with her? Incredible! A sister act? Don't make me laugh. Bacall is a lone wolf and likes it, and I do too, like millions of others.

I have never written to you before but when someone comes up with a statement as indiscreet as that, I just had to have my say.

HELEN PHILLIPS, Birmingham, Ala.

After reading John Hodiak's "This is What I Believe" in SCREENLAND, I should like to do two things: see his personal library, and dig out my old service cap so I could take it off to an actor with a social conscience.

I should like to see his personal library in order to verify my guess that he lets some of the world's greatest thinkers in the fields of sociology, psychology, and



Nanette Fabray, radio star, also playing lead in Broadway's hit musical, "Bloomer Girl," looks like a good movie bet, too.

philosophy help him tackle the baffling mental whirlwinds of his age and time. And that he has the good sense to leave his mind wide open and let ideas walk in and out, keeping only those that fit his own intimate needs—needs conditioned by his experiences in life.

I take my old service cap off to him, because I think his frank discussion of his beliefs may have planted the tiny seeds of social consciousness in some of the teenage girls who have heretofore, endowed him with nothing more than a charming person-

ality and physical appeal. At least, that is my hope. Beliefs like his are good guides for youth in this Atomic Age. I salute him with respect for his intelligence and, incidentally, for his ability to act.

LEA SHORT, Nocona, Tex.

I have just seen "Kitty," the Paramount release starring Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland.

While I have only to compliment those ardent fans who have stood by such actors as Van Johnson and Robert Walker, I know there are numerous movie-goers like myself, who are still scanning the silver screen for other equally attractive and charming young men. If that be true, I say notice Michael Dyne, the young man who brings so much charm to the above-mentioned film with his portrayal of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

I'll admit you see very little of him in this film, and that is why I've written this letter. Give him a chance. Pay particular attention to him in this picture, and then see if you don't agree with me that we fans are entitled to a better look, minus the powdered wig.

BETSY CRENSHAW, Dallas, Tex.

I'm getting tired of seeing pictures presenting the human miseries and problems of life. Too often we get a deep psychiatric plot which leaves the after effect that we are all neurotics and crazy at that. I go to the theater for enjoyment and relaxation. Usually the plots involve nothing but worries, which we all have, much less paying admission to see more unsolved problems. The tempo is always set so fast, the music played so loud, that I find myself continually on edge with taut nerves. Seldom can I say I am relaxed and entertained.

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Bess Myerson "Miss America"—1945

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stick comedies, and pictures like "The Bells of St. Mary's." Come on, Hollywood, let's slow down the pace a little. Give us relaxation and entertainment both at the same time. It can be done.

KURT A. ILGEN, Clayton, Mo.

I think the idea of making radio programs into movies is a wonderful idea. We women who stay home most of the day listen to the radio as we do the chores around the house. I, for one, often wish I could really see how one of these programs is produced.

Well, the movies have answered that wish and laid it right into my lap. I know they have made a picture version of "People Are Funny," with interesting radio and screen stars, and Tom Breneman's swell program, "Breakfast in Hollywood."

Honestly, it's wonderful—this combination of movie and radio, the best source of our recreation. I hope we have more, even though Hollywood is doing well as it is, and I feel lonesome if I don't go to the movies at least twice a week.

MRS. LUCY MURDZEK, Meriden, Conn.

During a lifetime of forty-seven years I have seen almost every type of motion picture, dating back to when I was a kid and the first theater was opened in this city with admission of five cents, to see such thrillers as William (Billy) Anderson, then on through the ages of "The Clutching Hand," "The Perils of Pauline" to the up-to-date era of "The Dolly Sisters."

During the motion picture portion of my lifetime I have never gone to see the same picture twice. Many of them I have left before the show was half over.

Now the history has been broken, since I have seen "The Dolly Sisters" four times at three different theaters in nine weeks in this city and I shall see it again if it returns. Judging from capacity filled theaters at each time proves I was not alone in my opinion that "The Dolly Sisters" was a fine picture.

No—definitely *no*—it was not pretty legs, beautiful costumes and figures that lured me back. It was the music, songs and dancing that got me. Back in the days this picture depicted, I had an orchestra of my own and we wore out our instruments playing the very music in this picture. I have heard hundreds of remarks about this picture and not a single one that was not complimentary.

It all sums up to this: Let us have more pictures with Betty Grable, June Haver and John Payne as teammates—plus songs and scenes and "Under the Old Apple Tree" romance that lived in the days when OPA was never thought of and your last pair of shoes weren't being worn out in an effort to find a pound of butter.

F. M. STERLING, Knoxville, Tenn.

So Hollywood has finally discovered Cornel Wilde and I say, it is about time. Why, I remember when I first eyed this guy. It was back in 1940 in a picture called "Small Town Deb" with Jane Withers. He was swell.

I then waited to see him again. I got my chance in "Life Begins at 8:30" with Ida Lupino. He gave a smash performance—but still no attention from producers was given to him.

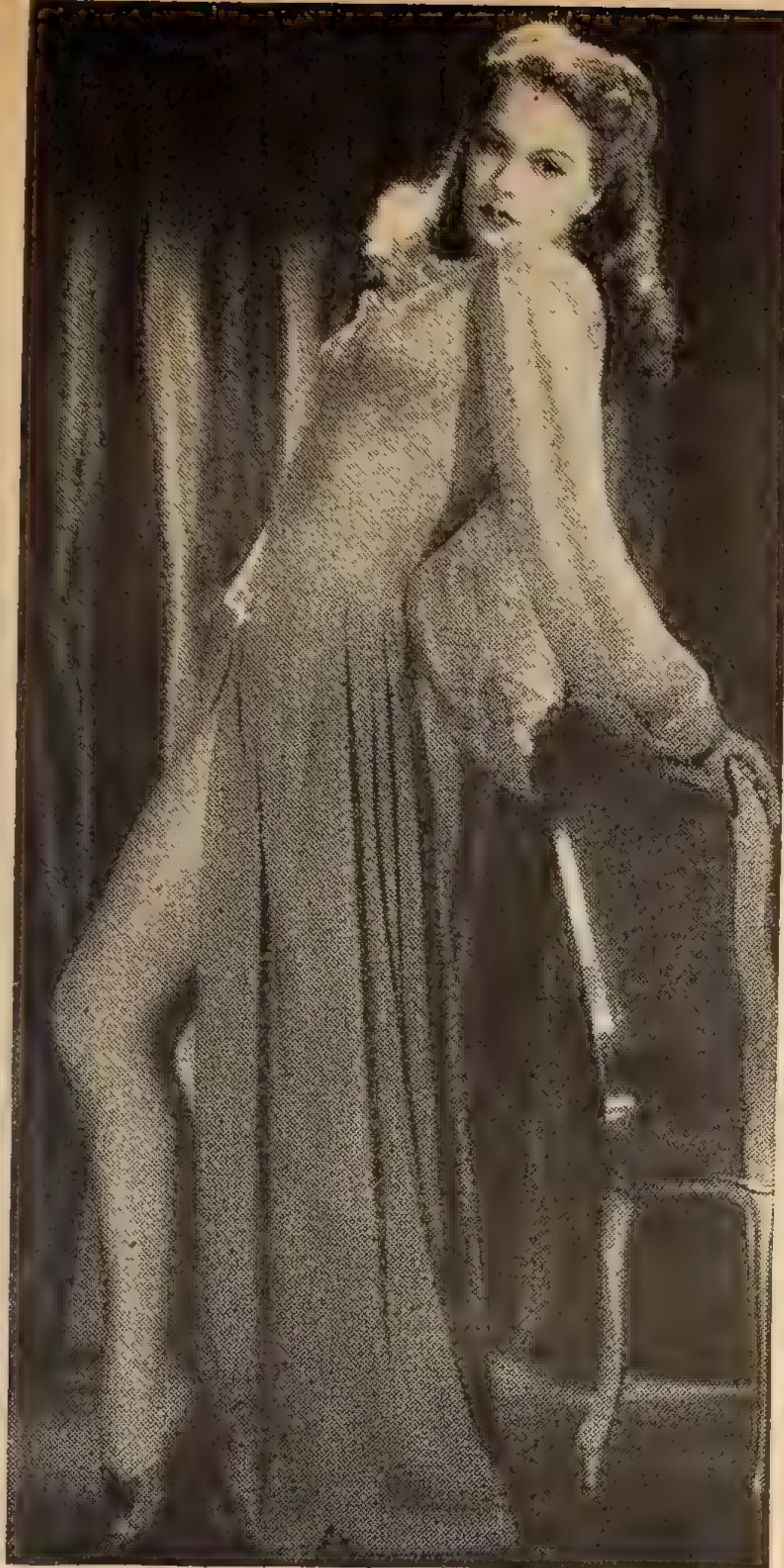
Next I saw him in "Wintertime" with Sonja Henie. What a waste of talent! I lost track of him for a while, only to have him reappear in the smash hit, "A Song to Remember" and he was an even bigger hit. "A Thousand and One Nights," "Bandit of Sherwood Forest" and "Leave Her to Heaven," all hits, behind him and the brightest star in Hollywood is on his way after a long and winning fight to fame. Lots of luck, Cornel Wilde.

GLORIA GRINTA, Warren, Ohio

I don't suppose my two cents' worth will mean much but I want to put in a plug for Tom Neal. For quite a while now my friends and I have been watching Tom's progress. At first it was sketchy but under all there



Dick Haymes and Betty Grable, stars of 20th Century-Fox's "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," take their ease between scenes. Bobby-soxed Betty indulges in some relaxing toe-wiggling.



Remember the pin-up girls? Here's Sally Gray, star of "Dangerous Moonlight," favored by British forces during war years.

was a talent which was very exceptional. His best break to date was his rôle as Major Steve Ross in "First Yank Into Tokyo." With fine support from Barbara Hale, Richard Loo and Keye Luke, Tom turned in a mighty fine piece of work. I don't know how anyone else feels about it, but I think the guy deserves a break. So how about it?

BETTY RYAN, Detroit, Mich.

I'm a movie fan—me and a hundred million other people. I love the theater. But today I'm not paying any tribute; I'm complaining! The American theater-goer is getting soft. He's becoming sentimental. Now don't misunderstand me; sentiment is a marvelous thing. If we had more of it, properly guided, this old world might be running a little more smoothly. But I'm afraid we fans are carrying it a little too far. Look at "The Bells of St. Mary's" a moment and I'll illustrate my point. We fans just couldn't stand to see little Patsy unhappy. So, in a neat three minutes of film time, we take it for granted she is capable of passing her examinations, we restore her shattered faith in her mother, we reunite her with a long-lost and heretofore unseen father, and we march her, beautifully gowned, up the aisle with her classmates to receive a mysteriously supplied diploma! Now wasn't that sweet? But wasn't it a wee bit fantastic? At any rate, you must admit it wasn't very true to life. You must also admit we have gone pretty far down the road to becoming "softies" when we can't bear to let Patsy stay in school another year.

We movie-goers should sit up straight and give ourselves the once-over-lightly. Let's not lose our sense of balance, our good taste, in exchange for sentimental "goo" in the movies! We movie-goers rule Hollywood; let's run it right!

MRS. RAY WEEKS, Columbia, Tenn.

P A R F U M

Follow Me

(SUIVEZ-MOI)

by

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Plan and
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IT IS EASY TO TAKE OFF THOSE EXTRA POUNDS. No harmful drugs or strict diet to leave you craving for food. No special exercise—no steam baths or massage. Simply follow this remarkable Formula 17 plan while enjoying three satisfying meals a day (with tempting desserts). Loss of excess weight should make you feel better—LOOK better—have more personality and sparkle. Noticeable results have been attained in a single week.

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stands still . . . your watch must
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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

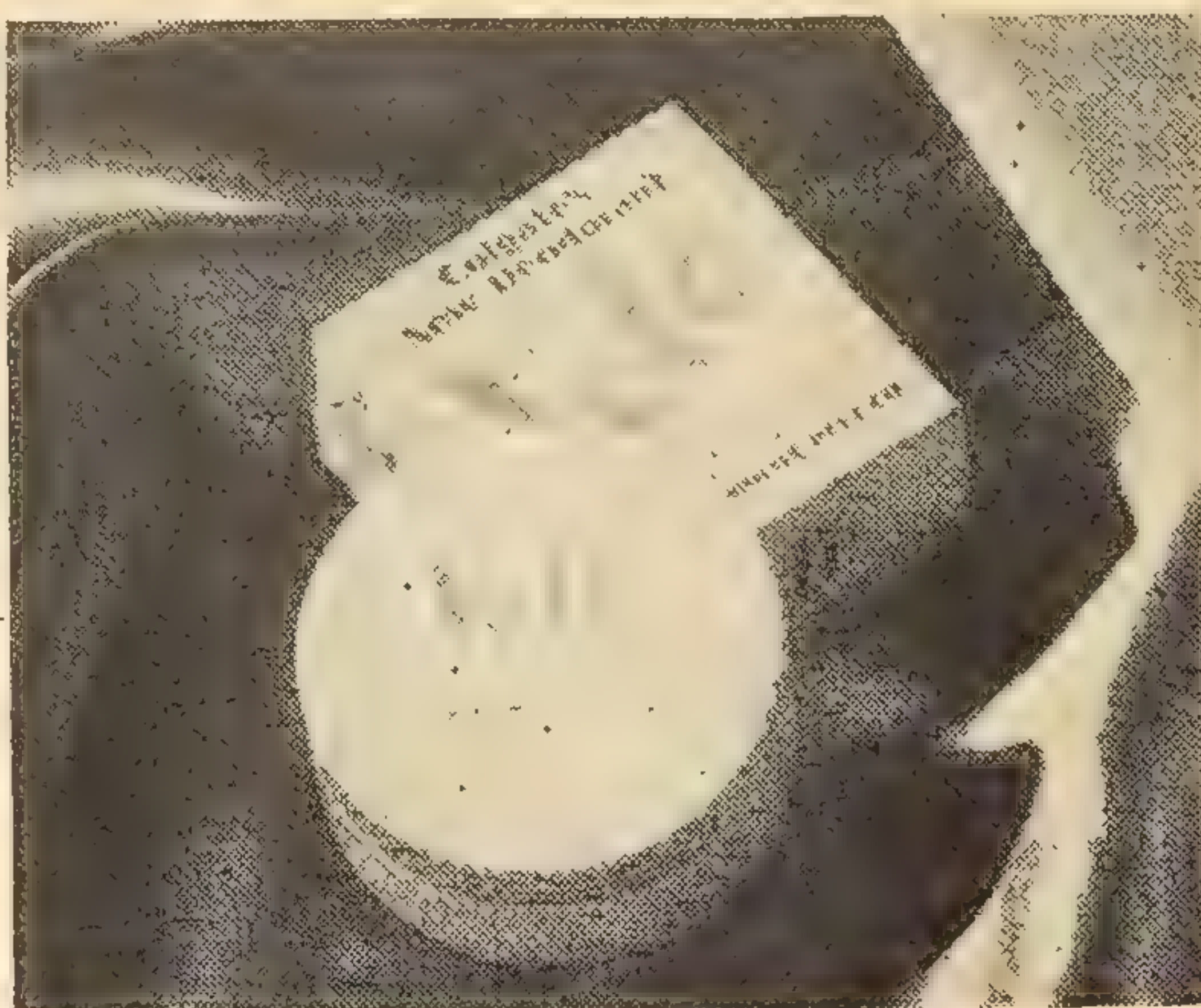
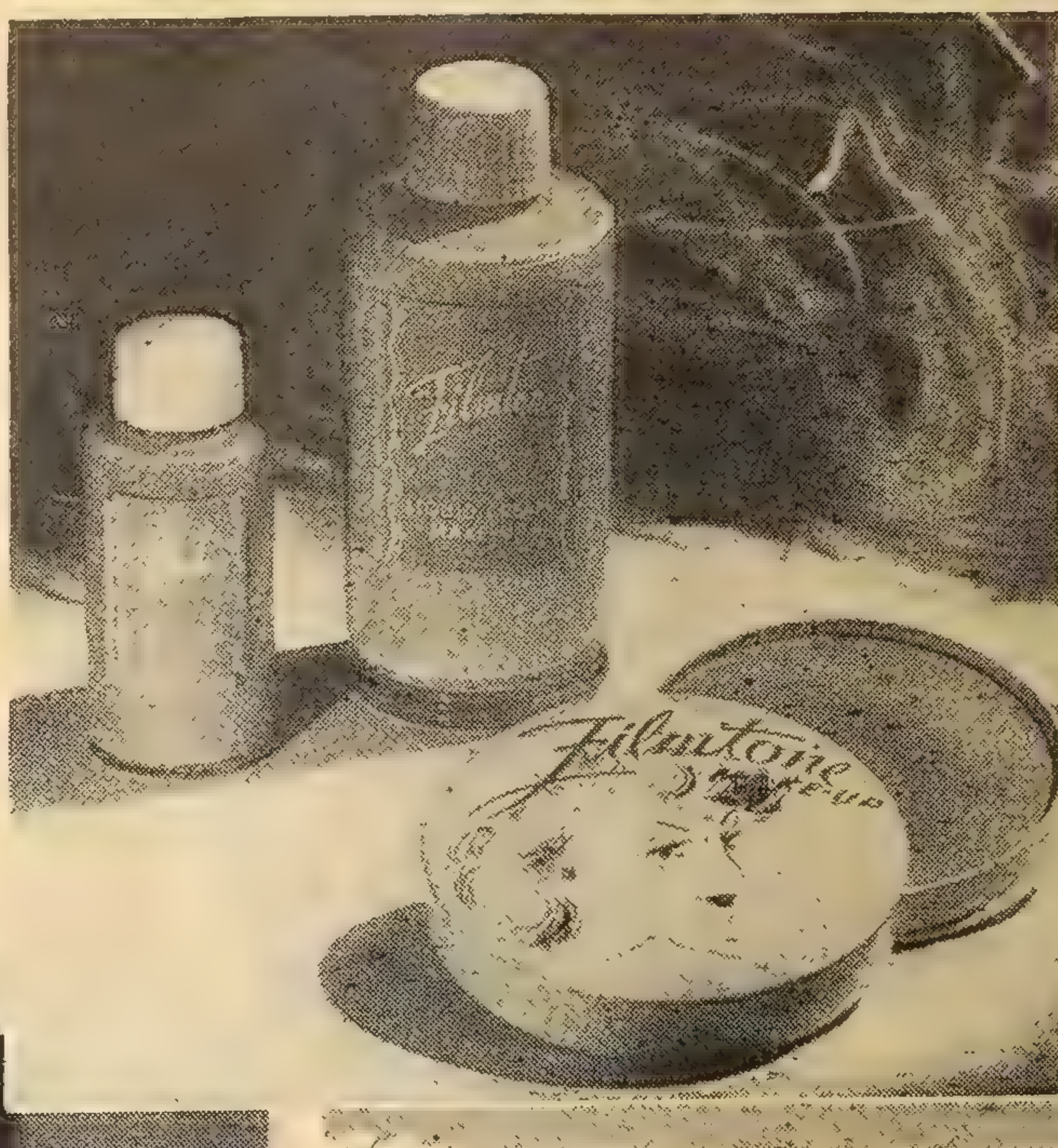
Tricks, news and gadgets, every one of
them yours in the interest of beauty

Two glamorous makeups, one
is a creamy liquid and the
other is in cake form, from
House of Hollywood, left.

Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo
of blended vegetable
oils, below, to give your
hair a beautiful lustre.

Product news! Colgate
presents Veto, center be-
low, a new cream deodor-
ant containing Duratex.

Bonnie Casey, starlet of the
DuBarry Success School
movie, entitled "Fit and Fair,"
which is now shown in schools.



AS YOUR skin changes with the sun
this Summer you will probably want
to change your powder foundation.
Did you know that quite like the most
glamorous movie star you may have one
specially blended to match your skin? The
one we have in mind is appropriately called
Chromablend and the Jacqueline Cochran
beauty representative at your favorite store
will do the blending for you. While you are
in the store ask to see Miss Cochran's new
"Better Times" makeup, lipstick, rouge and
face powder. Beautiful for really better
times!

Another cosmetic we like is Filmtone
Liquid Cream Make-up from the House of
Hollywood. This is a smooth, creamy liquid
which spreads over the surface of the skin
like a delicate veil. It helps protect your
complexion, too, and stays on hours without
looking masky. Several shades are all ready
for you to choose.

Helena Rubinstein is out with a new Leg
Lotion we are assured is water-resistant and
will free you from worry about your liquid
stockings spotting or streaking. It flows on
creamy smooth and has a pleasant fra-
grance. In either of two nice shades it looks
like nylons.

Remember the Softol Cuticle Set? While
we're talking Summer, give yourself a pedi-
cure with that handy little gadget which
works rather like a fountain pen and re-
moves dead cuticle in a flash. The Softol
lubricant not only helps beautify your nails
(whether fingers or toes) but helps control
callouses on your feet.

This is a time of gay new names and gay
new colors in nail polish together with
matching lipsticks. Perhaps, the most excit-
ing of these is Revlon's Bachelor's Carna-
tion. It is brand new with a life and sparkle
that will delight you. The package has been
made to resemble a black coat lapel with red
carnation printed on white; inside are the
nail polish, lipstick and convenient bottle of
Adheron.

And here, just as we go to press, out
comes Tussy with an exciting new lipstick
and nail enamel, New Flame. The lipstick
case, pink plastic, is, bar none, the smartest
we've seen. And the popularity of the color
they say is spreading like wildfire.



“Did I dare to tell her?”

AS Spencer said “Good night” I could tell from the troubled look in Marian’s eyes that he was walking out of her life as so many other attractive men had done. And I knew it was for the same reason! As one of her older friends, dared I tell her what this intimate reason was? Or should I stand mutely by seeing her make the same mistake that so many women make over and over again?

For a long time I hesitated then I broke it to her as tactfully as I could. She flushed scarlet.

“Why, Ann, it’s unthinkable! I’m so fastidious! It can’t be true. It *can’t*!”

“But, Marian,” I protested, “surely I would not put myself in this humili-

ating position if it were not.”

“Of course. Forgive me.”

“Do you remember Blake . . . how quickly he drifted away? And

Tompkins? How eager he was to meet you and how soon he lost interest?”

Marian nodded.
“Well, darling, *that* was the reason. Blake came right out and said so and Tompkins and two or three others hinted as much. I wanted to tell you then but the subject* seemed so delicate I just couldn’t.”

Marian gulped. “I’m ever so grateful,” she said. “What a fool I’ve been. Wait and see how different things are going to be—and *I’m getting Spencer back!*”

Don’t make the mistake of assuming that your breath is always agreeable. It might be off-color this very moment

without your knowing it. That’s the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath)*. You may offend others without realizing it.

Don’t Take Chances

Isn’t it silly, then, to risk offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful precaution? This wonderful antiseptic helps to make the breath sweeter, more appealing. Never, *never* omit it before social and business engagements.

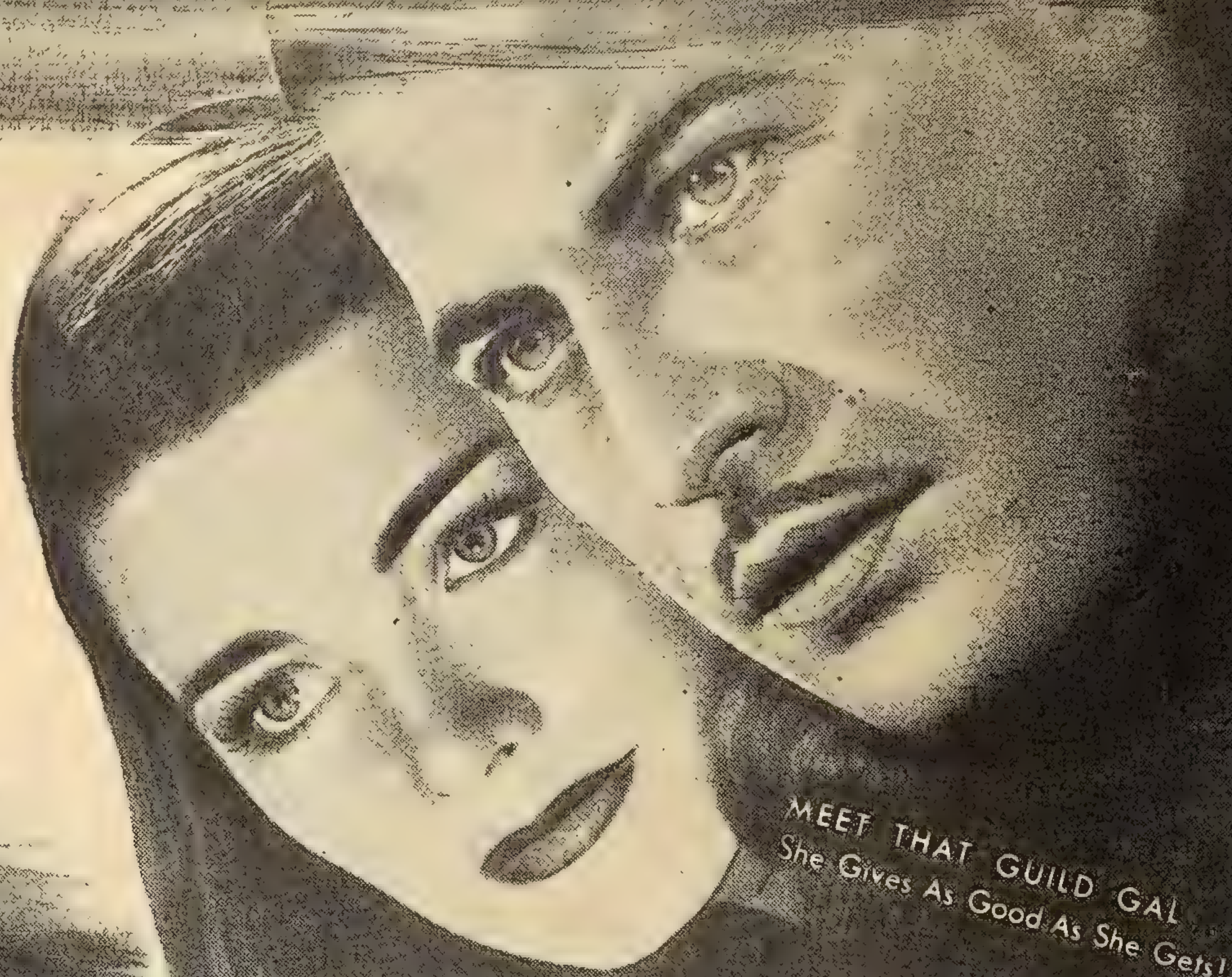
While some cases of off-color breath are systemic, some authorities declare that most cases are caused by the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. At once your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember to use Listerine Antiseptic the next time you have a date. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE STORY OF A MAN AFRAID TO LOVE!

The screen's
boldest probing of
human emotion!



MEET THAT GUILD GAL
She Gives As Good As She Gets!

JOHN HODIAK • NANCY GUILD

in
SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT

20th
CENTURY-FOX



with
LLOYD NOLAN
RICHARD CONTE

and
Josephine Hutchinson
Fritz Kortner • Margo Woode
Sheldon Leonard • Lou Nova

Directed by
JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Produced by **Anderson Lawler**
Screen Play by Howard Dimsdale and Joseph
L. Mankiewicz • Adapted by Lee Strasberg
From a Story by Marvin Borowsky

The



Van Johnson, above, with Lucille Ball in MGM's "Easy to Wed," seems to belie the title of the picture. Van, on recent New York visit, right, waves to fans.

DEAR VAN:

I might as well admit it. I was never a charter member of the Van Johnson Fan Club. Oh, I liked you all right; good actor, genial personality—but strictly for bobby-soxers, that Johnson, I thought.

Then came your New York visit—first time you'd returned to the big town since success. You left a chorus man, came back an important star. At the Waldorf they assigned special guards for your protection; Park Avenue outside Manhattan's Grand Hotel was jammed with autograph hounds; your company, MGM, threw a tremendous party so that newspaper, magazine, and radio press could meet you. It was V.J. Day in a big way. I never saw so many people so curious about a movie star. But you disarmed 'em completely, and how? By being yourself. When an important editor asked you apologetically for an autograph for—of course—her cook's little girl, you gave that grin and said, "Autograph? *Will I?* Twist my arm, just twist my arm," grabbed pencil and paper and tossed it off with a flourish. You like to give autographs, you like the fans, you don't try to dodge 'em, you don't wear dark glasses, you drink milk in night clubs. That Van Johnson boyish exuberance happens, by some miracle, to be the real thing. Of course your "triumphant return" had its drawbacks. "People," you said to me somewhat sadly, "have changed." But you haven't changed, and that's the important thing, and the rare thing. As a matter of fact, next time I'm invited to join a V.J. Fan Club, I'm going to say, "*Will I?*"

Twist my arm,
just twist my
arm."

Delight Evans

The Shockable

"The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" is Betty's next picture. In the title rôle she glorifies the very first American "business girl"—what's so shocking about that?

Exclusive color photo by
Gene Korman, 20th Century-Fox

By
Milton
Mohr



The Winner!

RAY MILLAND

Scoop! Ray's reactions to winning coveted "Oscar"



The rôle for which Milland won the highest Hollywood award: that of *Don Birnam* in "The Lost Weekend." Above, in a scene with Doris Dowling. Lower right, scenes from new Milland successes: "Kitty," with Paulette Goddard; "The Well-Groomed Bride," with Olivia De Havilland; "The Trouble with Women," with Teresa Wright playing opposite him.



RAY Milland is neither bewildered nor amazed over winning the Academy Award for his performance as *Don Birnam* in "The Lost Weekend." There are several reasons for this: (1) Milland does not amaze easily; (2) he's a very nonchalant person; (3) while he didn't know he was going to win the Grand Prix this year he knew some time or other he would. Perhaps it did come sooner than he expected.

Ray admits this was his toughest assignment. And that's quite an admission from a guy who gives one the impression that whatever film he's in is just another romp.

Cornering Milland to make a state-

ment is no easy task. But we were fortunate to be on the set for "California," his next big vehicle, and we hurled the questions so fast he didn't have a chance to beat a hasty but polite retreat.

"Was 'The Lost Weekend' your toughest assignment?" we asked.

"Yes," he shot back.

"Did you feel you were working
(Please turn to page 88)



Little Robert Richard Cummings arrived with the fanfare befitting the son and heir of a movie star, but the story behind it all — well, just listen!



Expectant Father

WHEN the newspapers announced that a son, weighing eight pounds and three ounces, had been born at 9:48 p.m., February 2, at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings, it was quite an understatement. Sure, little Robert Richard Cummings arrived with the fanfare befitting the son and heir of a movie star, but the story behind the story was played with all stops out.

For Bob Cummings found he couldn't just take this business of fatherhood calmly in his stride. Right from the first, he had all the symptoms. For one thing, there were mornings when he didn't feel so well. Nor did he go to any horror pictures, for fear of marking the baby. He kept the doctor's phone busy with questions like: "How about swimming, long automobile rides, shampoos and taking aspirin?" He took his mile walk every day, with Mary to keep him company. On the other hand, Mary sailed through the whole thing like a breeze. Wives are like that. Taking things calmly seems natural for them. But—

Robert was in a tizzy right from the moment he learned he was to be a father. Mary was along, of course, when they went to the doctor's office that first time. The doctor talked to Bob: "Well, it looks like you'll be a father in about seven months," he said. The room skeedaddled around. Afterwards, it was Mary who helped Bob into the elevator. All the

way home the tires kept saying, "It's a boy! It's a boy!" Robert was firm about that. He gave the stork to understand this boy-girl matter once and for all. Although once or twice Bob and Mary said Kandice would be a nice girl's name, because then they could call her Candy, this was only a gesture. Bob ordered a boy. He threatened darkly that if the Ole Stork knew what was good for him, he wouldn't get things mixed up. "I'll put the finger on the old bird," he said finally, with a determined glint sparkling in his eyes.

By
Alyce
Canfield



What a father goes through! "I'm darned if I'm going to have another baby!" said Bob emphatically even as he gazed adoringly at son Bob, Jr.—above, left, with his beautiful mother, the former Mary Elliott, who was under contract to MGM Studio before her marriage to Bob, and, right, with his nurse.



Exclusive
photos by
Jack Albin

Probably no father ever had such elaborate plans. Even before little Bobby was born, big Bobby had him an Academy Award winner, a famous pilot, and the President of the United States all in one fell swoop. Nothing small about the Cummings' dreams! As for being an expectant father, the question around the house seemed to be: how expectant can you get?

Dr. Krahulik, who delivers more babies than any stork, and whose method is more reliable anyway, was the doctor in charge. From the moment he informed Bob he was to become a father, Bob was in the clouds. All the way home that day, he could hardly believe it was true. He immediately got on the phone and called his dear friends, Robert Young (who has done a good job with his own production line), Andy Devine, and Bill Wellman. Bob wanted them to tell him all the Things a Young Father Should Know. They reassured him, warned him about calcium, catching cold and not getting too tired. Besides this first-hand information, Bob started extensive research. He hid himself down to the public library for a copy of Dr. Herman Bundesen's "Our Baby," and read it from cover to cover.

Then came a period when Bob no longer had that sinking feeling when he awakened in the morning. On the contrary, he became obsessed with a desire to Do Things. On his ranch in Van Nuys, he had a workshop. He immediately bought lumber, took measurements and set busily to work making baby furniture: chests of drawers, cabinets, closets, wall brackets to hang things on. Then he made his big mistake.

He went shopping for pink and blue paint. He finally found it at the Van Nuys hardware store. Soon gossip columnists were saying that the stork rumors about the Robert Cummings were true. The thing that cut Bob to the quick, however, was that he swore his friends to the deepest secrecy and made them all take an oath not to tell any member of the press the big news. "So," says Bob, "imagine my surprise when I discovered that Andy Devine had to blab it right away to the Van Nuys *Spy Glass*! You can't trust anyone, the gossips!"

Once the cat was out of the bag, there was an avalanche of phone calls. Every time Bob picked up the receiver, he would hear that bucolic welcome: "Hel-lo, DAA-dy!" Or, "Have you had your calcium today?" Then, too, everyone started speculating whether or not the baby would be born on Jack Benny's birthday, February 14. Jack is a hero of Bob's, and so Bob gave the stork strict orders to have the baby at the hospital on Valentine's Day. The stork evidently got rattled, over-anxious and eager to please, because the baby arrived a couple of weeks ahead of schedule.

Seriously, however, Robert Cummings did a lot of deep thinking about his unborn son. There were times he stared at the ceiling all night long (Please turn to page 89)

Don McCallister



LON'S BACK!



"Everything and everybody are the same now I'm back," says Lon. "I expected they'd change. They haven't, but I have. I've come of age!"

Exclusive Interview
By Ben Maddox

FOR more than half of Lon McCallister's time away in uniform I was his Army sergeant. Imagine my bang, then, at being sent out to interview him now that he's back in Hollywood. In deference to our "good old days together," I was the first reporter to see him.

Having risen from the ranks of pvt., pfc., and ultimately cpl., very much ex-Corporal McCallister politely rose from the booth he'd staked out in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. He had blithely upset them by ordering merely milk. I spent months teaching him to drink coffee, but he has a disconcerting habit of being himself everywhere.

"War," grinned the kid with the grin and the dimple that devastates junior misses, "was never like this!" From then on we didn't stop talking until we dove into the Pacific Ocean in his front yard at Malibu Beach.

Glowing with health, sporting a tan that made the twinkle in his eyes even bluer, he was proud of his first new civilian suit. "It was a hard fight, but I got it. I'm breaking in the feel of it," he explained.

He's not clothes or car crazy. His black coupe is pre-war, and sentimentally bears his college sticker on its windshield. It's a twenty-two mile drive to his home from Hollywood. When we got there he quickly switched into swimming shorts and slippers, his favorite costume for around the house. Individualistically, he'd made his shorts out of a giant bandana.

In the Army I was forever yelling, "Where's your cap, Junior?" He was
(Please turn to page 76)

You'll be seeing Lon McCallister on the screen again soon, first in "The Red House," for Sol Lesser-United Artists. Then Lon reports to 20th Century-Fox, owners of the other half of his contract, for "Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay." Top, Lon with Jeanne Crain rehearsing for a radio show.





Happy on a

By Jerry Asher

ANY boy and girl who would deliberately forfeit the glamor and glitter of a Hollywood wedding for a simple ceremony in the sheriff's office of Independence, California, have to be pretty nice individuals. And, needless to say, very much in love. All of which brings us to Angela Lansbury and Richard Cromwell.

Actually, they had planned on culminating their courtship in a courthouse. It was late September (now you know why they love "The September Song") when they loaded "Becky" down with bulging suitcases, flowers packed in ice. Life was about to become a beautiful adventure. For three years, "Becky" had served her master faithfully. Her warm mechanical heart purred with pride and no prejudice.

Now "Becky" seemed to sense another woman was about to usurp her. At least, so Angela decided after three blowouts, and finally a sit-down strike. By the time they reached Independence, the courthouse was closed. It was either wait until the following morning or the sheriff. Fortunately, Angela and Dick are blessed with vivid imaginations. The jailhouse became their chapel. And so they were married.



In the charming house on a hilltop which was Dick's during his bachelorhood and is now presided over by blonde Angela, the Cromwells kid through a musical session, play with pet bird, "Dorian," gaze over their domain, play a friendly game on their glass-topped table, and collaborate on a family portrait.

They honeymooned in a cabin on the shores of Lake Tahoe. Followed wonderful days of planning their future, hiking, sailing, dining leisurely in front of an open fireplace. Finally the time came to head for home and Hollywood. "Becky's" disposition had not improved with standing and waiting. Most of the trip back, Angela guided the wheel, while Dick got out and pushed. Eventually they arrived in the beautiful hilltop house that was Dick's during bachelorhood.

Plans had been made, promises given, that Angela's new dressing room would be ready and waiting. Typical of the times, the new addition hadn't even been started. Before her marriage, Angela shared a home with Moyna Magill, her actress mother. (Remember Moyna's clever pantomime at the lunch counter with Keenan Wynn in "The Clock"?) So Angela kept all her clothes at Moyna's—dashing over every time she needed to make a quick change of costume.

Eventually, the dressing room was completed. The moss green velvet couches arrived for the Victorian living



Exclusive photos by Jack Albin

Hilltop



The romance of starlet Angela Lansbury and youthful veteran Dick Cromwell is one of Hollywood's nicest real-life stories. Here's hoping the Cromwells never come down to earth




room. Wedding presents were opened, the telephone started ringing. Ruby, a dusky pearl, arrived to take over the duties in the kitchen. They were off to the serious business of living like Mister and Missus.

Symbolically, a pair of love birds, a gift from Alice Terry and Rex Ingram, squeezed through the bars of their cage, and secured their freedom. Dick went right out and bought a cockateel for Angela, which she promptly named

"Dorian," in honor of you know what picture!

Prior to meeting Richard Cromwell, Angela stoutly maintained her career came first, was the foremost interest in her life. And so it was. Then Dick came along.

"I've always said I wouldn't marry until I was twenty-five," Angela muses. "Roy (Dick's real name) and I knew each other just six months when I began
(Please turn to page 86)



Pretty as a picture? Of course—but she's more than that, this Joan Caulfield who scored her first screen success in "Miss Susie Slagle's" and then, in rapid succession, was cast opposite Bing Crosby in "Blue Skies" and Bob Hope in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Read our story on facing page and you'll find that Caulfield has character, too.

Exclusive color photo by
A. L. Whitey Schafer, Paramount



The Pros and Cons of BEING A MOVIE STAR According to JOAN CAULFIELD

By
**Gladys
Hall**

YOUNG and goldenly beautiful Miss Joan Caulfield made her first appearance on any screen in Paramount Pictures' "Miss Susie Slagle's," in which she plays opposite to and wins the love of star Sonny Tufts. Whereupon, she was co-starred with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in Irving Berlin's "Blue Skies" and with Bob Hope in "Monsieur Beaucaire." That's what Hollywood thinks of Miss Joan Caulfield.

But what does Miss Joan Caulfield think of Hollywood? What, that is, does Joan think of the supposedly halcyon state commonly known as Being A Movie Star? Is it simply too heavenly? What, in short, do you gain by it? Or what, if at all, do you lose?

Across the luncheon table at "21," (Please turn to page 96)



★
Golden girl! We know what Hollywood thinks of Joan: starred with Sonny Tufts in her first picture ("Miss Susie Slagle's"), with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in her second ("Blue Skies"), and with Bob Hope in her third film, "Monsieur Beaucaire." But what does Joan think of Hollywood? That's what she tells you in this scoop interview.
★



"HEARTBEAT" IN A HAT

Ginger Rogers finished up her acting job in RKO's "Heartbeat" and went off on a shopping spree to celebrate. And how do you like the bonnet and scarf ensemble, by DeViller? Gay as Ginger herself in her new picture with Jean Pierre Aumont.



Exclusive color photo
by Jack Albin

BEAUTY IN A BONNET

Janet Blair is the very spirit of Spring in this dreamy pink confection, topping her dusty pink suit. Easy on the eyes as Janet was in "Tars And Spars" you'll find her even more so in her next, "The Great Highway," with Glenn Ford appearing opposite.

THIS MAN MASON

★ They're all talking about James Mason, Britain's No. 1 character actor—"colorful, dynamic, savagely brilliant." Here's an exclusive interview with him direct from London

By
Hettie Grimstead

B RITISH film critics often call him "colorful, dynamic, savagely brilliant." Actress Pamela Kellino called him "the most fascinating and unusual man I've ever met" a few years ago and then married him. Long-suffering directors and studio technicians sometimes call him names that are nobody's business. Delighted London exhibitors describe him as "the biggest box-office star we have" and Queen Elizabeth has been heard to say he's the perfect period actor.

They're all talking about this man James Mason, with his thick black hair and heavy brows and firm mouth and keen dark eyes that can flash with sud-

If you saw him in "The Man in Grey" or "The Seventh Veil," you're probably already a Mason fan and will want to see him in his next release, "The Wicked Lady," in which he appears opposite Margaret Lockwood (right). Said to be Britain's highest paid movie actor, Mason is seen at left above as the sinister Lord Menderstoke in "Fanny by Gaslight," soon to be shown in this country.

den passion or soften to gentle tenderness. He's Britain's No. 1 character actor, at his best in costume productions to which he brings the swaggering gallantry and the fiery individuality which properly belong to the men of those by-gone days. His film "The Man in Grey," was screened in London at the height of the blitz, and night after night a crowd that was mainly composed of women braved the dangers of the streets to pack the theater and see him.

"The Wicked Lady," in which he plays
(Please turn to page 83)



TORRID TEAM

Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones
in "Duel In The Sun" will
give movie audiences an eyeful



The much-discussed David O. Selznick production, the producer's most costly effort since "Gone With The Wind," boasts an all-star cast including Joseph Cotten, Lionel Barrymore, Walter Huston, Lillian Gish and Herbert Marshall; but it's our prediction that Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones, in their rôles of two firebrands whose meeting touches off the dramatic dynamite, will create the most controversy of the film season.



The voice of Nelson Eddy, right, is heard in "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met," one of the ten amazing episodes in Walt Disney's newest full-length feature for RKO. Dinah Shore, with Walt below, sings, off-stage, "Two Silhouettes." The Andrews Sisters also make a contribution to the musical fantasy in ten parts.

Nelson Eddy fans will thrill to his voice even though it seemingly emanates from Willie The Whale, one of Disney's new and novel creations. Below, Walt and Nelson discuss the score in Walt's studio. Another episode features the fulsome voice of Jerry Colonna reciting the immortal baseball classic, "Casey at the Bat."

MAKE MINE DISNEY!

Especially the bright new Walt Disney number, "Make Mine Music," in which the maestro of movie cartoons returns to his most popular style, introduces new and amusing animal creations, and presents famous "ghost-stars" for singing, dancing, and narration

All new, the cast of cartoon characters in Walt's brilliant movie. Below, "Peter and the Wolf" sequence based on Sergei Prokofiev's orchestral fable. Sterling Holloway "ghost-stars" the narration for this episode. You'll meet, and love, Sonia the Duck, remote relative of Donald, most celebrated duck of all time.



Worn by CAROLE LANDIS,
co-starring in the screen hit
"A SCANDAL IN PARIS"—an
Arnold Pressburger production,
released through United Artists



"A 'Lee' CREATION CREATES A SWIMSATION"

DESIGNED TO GLORIFY THE AMERICAN FIGURE

AT ALL SMART STORES. NAME OF NEAREST ONE ON REQUEST

1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



PARDON MY ACCENT!

**Lovely little English import,
Pat Kirkwood, is learning to
"speak American" just as fast as she can**

By Jack Hyatt

IT WOULD be nice if British actors and actresses, currently performing in this country, would settle down and try to be a type. The way some of them are carrying on, pretty soon one won't know if the supposed Englishman or Englishwoman to whom one is talking was born in Devonshire or Hoboken.

To illustrate: You go to call on Basil Rathbone or Nigel Bruce while they're working on the "Sherlock Holmes" set at Universal, being very careful to get up close so you may hear the terse, clipped accents of these two sterling performers. "Ah," you say to yourself, "these are true Englishmen. These people present the highest type of cultivated English gentlefolk. Actually, I wouldn't be at all surprised if they'd knock off right now and have a spot of high tea." Oh, yes, very satisfactory are Mr. Rathbone and Mr. Bruce. Just what the director ordered. And then, suddenly, the scene is finished, the cameras are quiet and to your consternation you hear Mr. Rathbone talking to someone on the
(Please turn to page 92)



You'll see her soon in "No Leave, No Love," with Van Johnson (top), so you might as well be hep about Pat Kirkwood. Hollywood wiseacres are already predicting that Pat will do very well in this country, with her natural endowments and MGM's buildup to back her up.



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Charming **Adele Mara**
 appearing in *Passkey to Danger*
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It isn't a lipstick at all—it's a divinely
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Remember how you exclaimed at Dean Stockwell's casual, boyish charm in "Anchors Aweigh"? Just a little boy acting natural, you probably thought. We did. Then we did a little digging and discovered that Dean started his "career" with the New York Theater Guild on Broadway in "Innocent Voyage," that he comes by his talent naturally, his father being well-known musical star Harry Stockwell of "Oklahoma!" and his mother a former stage actress, and that his long-term MGM contract simply acknowledged his previous accomplishments. In the picturization of A. J. Cronin's best-seller, "The Green Years," ten-year-old Dean steals the spotlight in many scenes from such veterans as Charles Coburn, Tom Drake.



YOUNG VETERAN

Boy Wonder of "Anchors Aweigh" turns out to be an old hand at acting. Older performers should watch Dean Stockwell in "The Green Years" for a little lesson in how to combine technique with charm

EVEN PARIS WAS EMBARRASSED!

The gay kind of romance
most Americans *think*
takes place in Paris ...
and in this case does!

ROBERT & RAYMOND HAKIM
presents
GINGER ROGERS

SAM WOOD'S
Heartbeat

JEAN PIERRE AUMONT
ADOLPHE MENJOU

Melville Cooper Michael Rosemary Marie Milla
Edwina Bonnell Henry Stephenson

and
BASIL RATHBONE

Produced by Robert & Raymond Hakim

Directed by Sam Wood

Adaptation by Mabel Rand

Director of Photography Joseph Valentine A.C.

Released by
**R-K-O
RADIO**
Theaters

Meet Jean Pierre Aumont - Her Gingers new "Heartbeat" - Yours too!

George Sanders— *That's a Bloke, Son!*

By Lupton A. Wilkinson



Portrait of an unpredictable: Sanders in latest rôle in "A Scandal in Paris," with Signe Hasso as one of two leading ladies in his life (right).

IN far-off Patagonia — southernmost, wild, least-known country of South America—a broad-shouldered young Englishman and an Indian guide huddled at the head of a ravine, within a circle of faggot-fire. Below, down the ravine, they could tantalizingly glimpse the cheerful lights of a ranch-house, but they could not seek shelter there. So wild was this rugged country that an inviolable rule prevailed—anyone approaching a house after sunset was shot. The Indian guide replenished the fire, though his shoulders shrank each time he slipped into the dark to forage wood. That circle of flame was vitally necessary to keep out jackals, pumas, even a mountain lion that might prowl the ragged ravine.

Sunlight eventually blazed, and George Sanders, the young Englishman, trekked to the ranch-house, was welcomed with a

prodigious breakfast, and was bade good-bye, with regret, three weeks later. (George says, "You can literally live all your life for nothing in Patagonia. After dark they shoot you, but once you're in the house, you can stay months if you choose, and they weep when you leave. You pay for nothing.")

During his visit at that isolated ranch-house, the young man who was to become the most cynically glamorous male personality on the world's screen learned a lesson that would gallop him successfully through his very first movie assignment—*how to stay on a horse, riding* (Please turn to page 68)





Sanders on the set, above, disproves the theory that he was born without smile muscles.



With Carole Landis, above, and in floor-length 1805 nightshirt for Pressburger film.



KATHRYN GRAYSON, STARRING IN M-G-M'S "TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON"



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KATHRYN GRAYSON

... saucy, sun-kissed beauty! Take her lush, intoxicating skin tone for yours... dip your puff in WOODBURY Film-Finish SUN PEACH. A luscious, ripe, sun-drenched peach it is—exclusive Film-Finish blending makes it color-full. A dazzler on your skin—perfect as the color in the box! Compare the glow and life it brings your skin—more flattering, more Summer-right than the powder you're wearing now. And cling? That misty-sheer Woodbury texture veils tiny flaws for hours—stays color-fresh! Eight Star-excitement shades.

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 2. Star lipstick—your just-right shade
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- Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢—*plus tax.



Woodbury
new film finish
Powder

AND THEN THERE WERE

Poni Adams, since rechristened Jane by Universal Studios, first appeared in "Night in Paradise"—one of the girls pictured in pool scene, facing page. She's now to be seen in "Notorious Gentleman."

Daun Kennedy, one of the Lovely Seven, came from Seattle, Wash., appeared in "Night in Paradise" and "Frontier Gal." Plenty ambitious—and with good reasons. She has played

Kathleen O'Malley, native of Hollywood, is the daughter of that Pat O'Malley who starred in silent films. She's the only "home town girl" of this Lovely Seven

Jean Trent, below, stood out in small part in "Frontier Gal." Blonde, blue-eyed, Jean's heart is with her husband, Ray Montgomery, still serving in the Navy.

Barbara Bates, just out of high school in Denver when her picture attracted studio attention, has appeared in five pictures since, including important rôle in "This Love of Ours."

You may have caught a glimpse of Kerry Vaughn in "Scarlet Street" but you'll be seeing a lot more of her soon. She's a nineteen-year-old blonde from Houston, Texas.

Karen Randle, below: fatalistically resigned to failure or success, stoic as her Indian forebears, adventurous as her Irish father. Ex-photographers' model.



By Virginia Sullivan Tomlinson

What happens to beauty contest winners in Hollywood? This story tells you about 7—where they come from, where they're going

IT'S JUST a year since they arrived in Hollywood. Seven lovely girls—all winners in a nation-wide contest conducted by Universal Studios. Seven

girls—chosen from 20,000 photographs submitted from all over the United States as the most beautiful girls in the land! What's happened to them since then? Where did they come from—and where do they go?

I glimpsed the group first on the set of "Night in Paradise," which stars Merle Oberon. Seven girls, four brunettes, two blondes and a redhead, standing knee-deep in a marble pool, busily engaged in scooping gold-fish from the water and washing them with silken rags.

"There were to have been eight beauties in this scene originally," a director explained. "But one of them, Yvonne de Carlo, has become a star in the meantime. If you'd like to know what's happening to the other seven, suppose you ask the girls themselves?"

Following him into the studio commissary at lunchtime, I was curious—hardly knowing what it was I expected to find. Something smeared with bronze beauty-balm and sprayed with honey-silk scent, perhaps, that would call for a four-whistle *whoo-who*, with upturned edges. Instead, I found myself facing seven young women, with smiling bright eyes; casually dressed, quietly assured, eager to talk.

(Please turn to page 72)



Here are some closeups of the charm-ers on opposite page. Which one would you pick for future fame and fortune in Hollywood? Reading from top and to left: Daun Kennedy, Jean Trent, Kerry Vaughn, Kathleen O'Malley, Barbara Bates, Poni (Jane) Adams. The studio that signed them believes these lovely newcomers have what it takes for stardom. Do you agree?

"The day I first met Keenan Wynn I said to myself, 'That's for me!' " And Eve Wynn still says so, and more, in this bright, intimate account of their life together

Easy to Live With

By Mrs. Keenan Wynn

As told to Dora Albert

THE day I first met Keenan Wynn, I said to myself, "That's for me."

I was an actress and Powers model in those days and had gone backstage at the theater where "Hitch Your Wagon" was playing, to see Garson Kanin, the director, whom I knew, and Jimmy Backus, an actor in the cast who was also a friend of mine.

Keenan was dressing backstage in the same dressing room with Jimmy. He looked very handsome. He was wearing

tails, as he was going out with his dad, Ed Wynn, after the show.

I had noted Keenan's performance in "Hitch Your Wagon." Although he had only a small part, he had registered very favorably in it, with that knack he has for making any small part stand out. I'll never forget how with just one word to say before the curtain of the first act, he made that one word stand out. The funny part about it was that about ten other actors had the same word to say,

and all of them had said it very indifferently. There was a corpse lying on the stage, and each actor, as he saw it, said, "Dead." Then came Keenan. Just before he spoke, he halted just long enough, then he gave it that remarkable comedy reading which is so typically Wynn. The audience sat up and laughed. Curtain.

I told Keenan Wynn how much I had enjoyed his performance. I felt a warm glow as I spoke. I don't know how I knew it, but I just knew that I had met



Family album, left: beginning with Keenan at the age of two with his father, Ed Wynn, and his mother, stage actress Hilda Keenan; then, at the age of four, in his first stage rôle, the young Napoleon. Other family closeups include Keenan with his famous father, in a group with his grandfather, noted stage star Frank Keenan, and with his wife and their young hopeful, Ned —occasion, third birthday party. Below, Keenan Wynn and Van Johnson, pals on and off screen, study script for new picture, "Easy to Wed," in which both appear with Esther Williams.

the man I was going to marry. I was absurdly glad because I had on my most beautiful gown. It was an attractive evening gown of yellow and black striped organdy with black velvet lingerie straps which I had modeled for John Robert Powers. As a reward for modeling it, I was given the gown. Which was certainly a break for me, for it was worth about \$350, which I couldn't have afforded in those days. The dress had been photographed with me wearing it for one of the most ultra-ultra fashion periodicals. And I was wearing the original! It seemed a good omen. Perhaps anything would have seemed a good omen to me at that moment, for I was determined to get my man.

"I hope I'll see you some time soon,"
(Please turn to page 80)



Prized picture from the K. Wynns' collection: Keenan and Evie in a scene in "Margin for Error" at the Mount Kisco, N. Y., summer theater in 1938, year they married.



Flight

SOMETIME someone is going to sit down and write out a nice, plain, easy-to-understand set of directions on how to get a Hollywood career out of the dream stage and up on its feet as a going concern. That would be an invaluable asset to all the myriads of aspiring young men and women who yearly batter at the gates of this Bagdad-on-the-Pacific. In ninety-nine out of each hundred cases the book would show the reader how to avoid heartbreak and bitter disappointment, how to walk straight toward his or her goal and miss all the pitfalls on the way. With the other one percent, however, all the written directions in the world wouldn't be of the slightest use, because there is nothing these young people can do about it anyway. Fate, or their lucky stars or fairy god-mothers, or whatever it is that guides the careers of these chosen few, has already determined their lives for them and human intervention would amount to just nothing at all.

Take the case of Walter Pidgeon, who practically thumbed his nose at destiny and swore he'd be a sea captain and travel the wide lanes of the world. All the men in the Pidgeon family up in St. John, New Brunswick, on the Bay of Fundy, were sea-faring, and Pidgeon really believes that his deep, stentorian voice with which he amuses himself and friends who call at his hospitable home in Beverly Hills, is a heritage from his sailing grandfather who bawled orders from the bridge of his ships all over the world and in every kind of weather. "You've got to have a real voice to lift it above the noise of a gale when rounding the Horn," Pidgeon says, "and Grandfather could drown out any gale that ever blew."

At an age when he didn't even suspect that his guardian angel was already putting in over-time in his behalf, Walter used to sit about the wharves on sunny afternoons and listen to the old sea dogs lie about their voyages. Only, to the boy, the stories they told weren't conjured up out of rich imaginations—they were actual experiences in some sun-splashed port in a mystery-haunted land on the other side of the world. And the story tellers weren't worn-out, defeated old men who had squandered their youth in a hard and bitter calling, but young adventurers sailing for the isles of spice and romance



In "Holiday in Mexico" Walter Pidgeon plays in an actor's paradise: makes love to Ilona Massey, above, in the romantic scenes; portrays cute Jane Powell's father, right, in this newest Joe Pasternak Technicolor special.

of a Pidgeon



Catching Walter Pidgeon

on the wing is a feat accomplished by few interviewers.

We think we're giving you, here, the best closeup

of this elusive actor in a long, long time

where dusky-eyed maidens sang sad songs about unrequited love while the white moonlight lay like beaten silver on the sighing sea.

But a youngster can live only so long on dreams, and pretty soon Walter began making plans to see the world on his own. He wasn't quite sure about the method. After all, that didn't matter too much. The important thing was to get moving as soon as possible. There was, of course, the bothersome period of necessary education and perhaps college. But after that he'd be off.

Meantime his lanky kid's body was shooting up like a weed in a garden patch. And astonishingly enough his voice, which had always been singularly clear and strong, began to deepen. The result was that Walter was induced by well-wishers to join a singing class. Things went along smoothly until the singing teacher discovered that young Walter could sing better than he could and tossed him into the outer darkness.

(Please turn to page 94)

By
Hyatt
Downing



Photo Reviews



Perfect casting: Charles Boyer as Adam Belinski, Jennifer Jones as Cluny Brown, in 20th Century-Fox's picturization of Margery Sharp's best seller, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. You'll remember Cluny as the plumber's niece who loves to plumb; Belinski, as the fascinating Czech refugee.



Peter Lawford pictured above with Jennifer Jones, has the rôle of Andrew Carmel, in whose household Cluny arrives as the new maid and causes general consternation.

Here they are—
special scenes
from some of the
big pictures you'll
be viewing soon

"Without Reservations" would seem to be an apt title for the new picture co-starring Claudette Colbert and John Wayne, right. It's a Mervyn LeRoy production which recounts the adventures of Claudette, as a best-selling novelist, and John, in the rôle of a Marine, trying to make a cross-country trip "without reservations."

"The Stranger" engages the very special talents of Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, and Orson Welles. This International picture is packed with drama.



"Two Sisters from Boston" is a charming new musical romance, with June Allyson and Peter Lawford, above, just two of an all-star cast including Jimmy Durante, Kathryn Grayson, and Lauritz Melchior, shown at left.



MORE *Photo Reviews*



Irene Dunne draws one of the prize acting plums of the year: the rôle of Anna Owens in "Anna and the King of Siam," most lavish and important picture currently in production at 20th Century-Fox.



Spotlighting big scenes from forthcoming films: above, drama for Belita in "Suspense," in which Monogram's famed skating and dancing star essays her first forceful rôle, with Barry Sullivan opposite. Facing page, from left to right: Larry Parks and Evelyn Keyes in Columbia's "The Story of Jolson." Jean Pierre Aumont and Yvonne De Carlo in "Fandango" (Universal). Beverly Tyler and Tom Drake in MGM's "The Green Years."



Three melting moments of marital bliss in RKO's "Lady Luck." Robert Young and Barbara Hale play the young marrieds in this romance of life in colorful Las Vegas, Nev.

June Bride's Dream Clothes

Diana Lynn of Paramount's "The Bride Wore Boots" poses in these new fashions designed for her by Edith Head



Exclusive photos by
Bud Fraker

For Diana Lynn's personal use, Edith Head, Paramount's chief designer, created this beautiful white and silver evening gown. When worn with the short bolero jacket, the gown could suitably be worn by a June bride, as above. The dress has a halter neckline and a bouffant skirt. Edith Head's original drawings for this costume, shown both with and without the bolero, are exclusively reproduced on this page.





Edith Head

A silk jersey daytime sports dress is a "must" in any bride's trousseau. Edith Head designed this dress, below, worn by Diana Lynn. The brown and white striped skirt has deep pockets of horizontal stripes, topped by a tobacco brown, wasp-waist bodice.



"Going away" suit of navy wool, at left, has slim skirt with high waist, narrow belt. The box jacket with three-quarter sleeves is worn over a smart blouse of navy polka dots on a white crepe background. Matching wrist-length polka dot gloves, navy leather shoulder bag and pumps complete the costume. Edith Head's original sketches seen at far left show different versions of the blouse. For Diana's personal wardrobe, Miss Head created the strapless evening gown modeled below. Check it for last-minute fashion news: fitted basque top, full skirt, large bow in back, which gives the bustle effect. The neckline is edged with hand-made violets.



THE SUNNY SIDE

Rightful monicker, Bowen Charleston Tufts, III. Habitat, Back Bay, Boston. But before you know it you're calling him Sonny. He's that kind of a right guy

IN A TOWN that boasts year-round sunshine, cosiest spot is Sonny Tufts' ranch in Hidden Valley. Once you've driven through the wide rustic gate and caught your first glimpse of the yellow-haired blue-eyed giant beaming his lop-sided grin of welcome, you're a Sonny-worshipper for life.

There are seven acres of citrus groves and gently rolling hills and you feel you should be properly impressed, but the house is painted a bright cherry red with crisp white trim and the front door stands hospitably ajar. So you enter into the gay informal spirit of the Tufts household even while struck by the thought that your host, whom you are already calling "Sonny," should also impress you, his rightful monicker being Bowen Charleston Tufts the Third.

The pillar of Back Bay Boston society

lets loose with a bellow that echoes through the house. "Barbara, we've got company!"

"Here I am—in the kitchen, and you'd better not come in," calls back the light of his life. "I'm chopping garlic!"

"Garlic" breathes Sonny ecstatically, and drags you into the kitchen to meet his

adored Barbara, a statuesque brunette with green eyes and a beautiful disposition.

"Life with Sonny is funny," is her way of summing up nine years of wedded bliss. "There's never a dull moment."

He manages to keep himself vastly amused even during strenuous days at the studio. To any other actor, laughing in the middle of a scene would mean retakes. With Sonny, directors merely smile and say, "That's the Tufts personality. That's what the customers pay to see."

It started with Crosby, himself a past master of nonchalance, when he and Sonny were teamed for the memorable "Accentuate the Positive" in "Here Come the Waves." Der Bingle was having trouble with his tap-dancing and the harried look beneath his blackface

makeup was too much for the irrepressible Sonny. "Let him laugh," said Bing, when the director tore his hair and screamed for retakes. "They want Sonny Tufts—they got Sonny Tufts."

Under Sonny's easy-going exterior a dynamo must be concealed, judging by the incredible number of performances



Sonny and his wife, Barbara, or "Baba," chat over embroidery and books, below, in living room of Hidden Valley home which they've named, quite sincerely, "Dream Come True." Above, Sonny grooms his pooch. Pet ambition: to own a seal for oversize swimming pool he's planning to build



OF Tufts



By Hattie Bilson

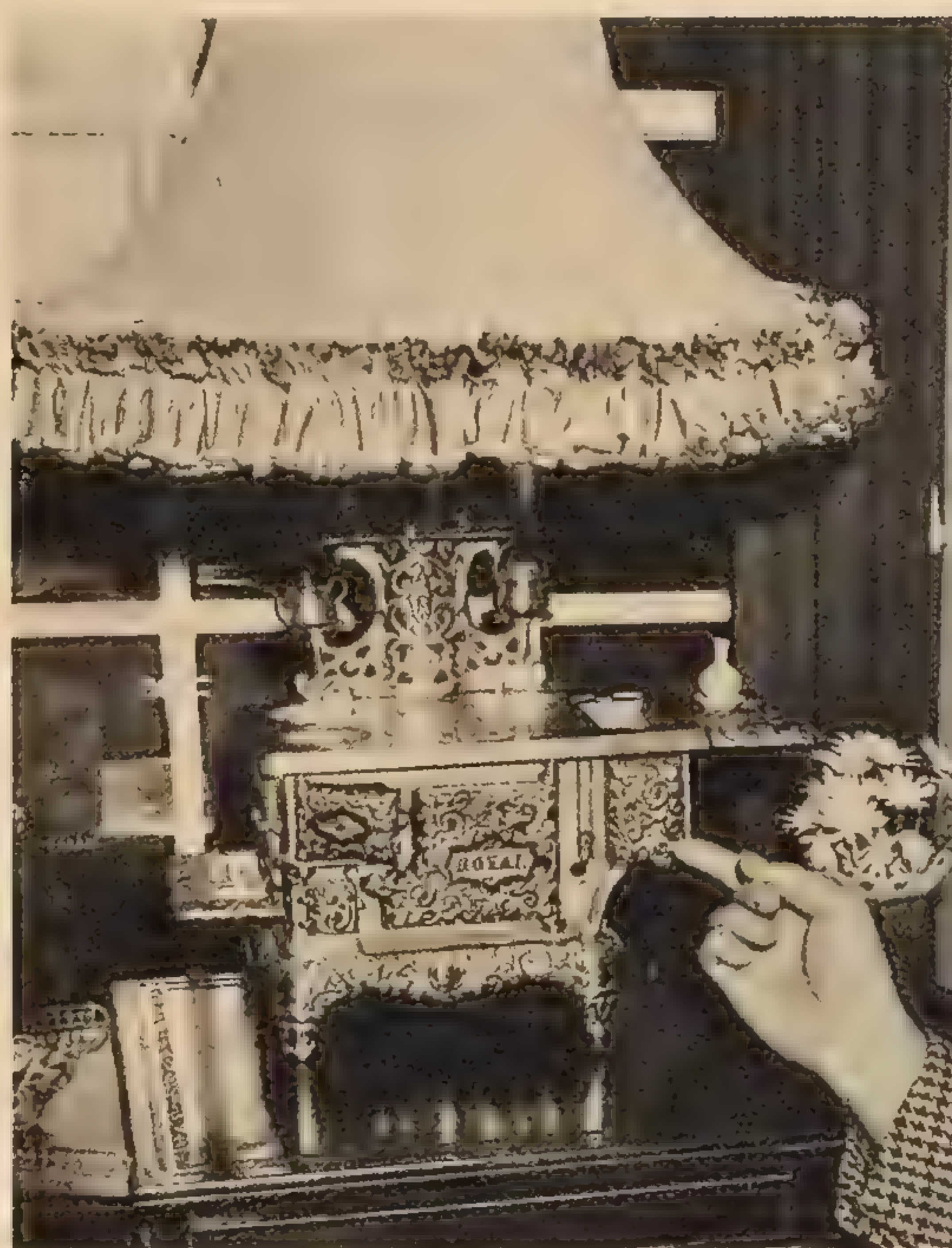
Exclusive home photos
by Jack Albin



Sonny takes dim view of bird cage which has been empty ever since canary disappeared; he calmly converts cage into flower pot. At right, Sonny clowns beside Mrs. Tufts' lamp, which she ingeniously made out of a child's antique stove which she had gilded, glazed, electrified. Total cost, about \$10.00. She's been offered \$150.00 for it. Sonny is prouder of her ingenious handiwork than he admits.

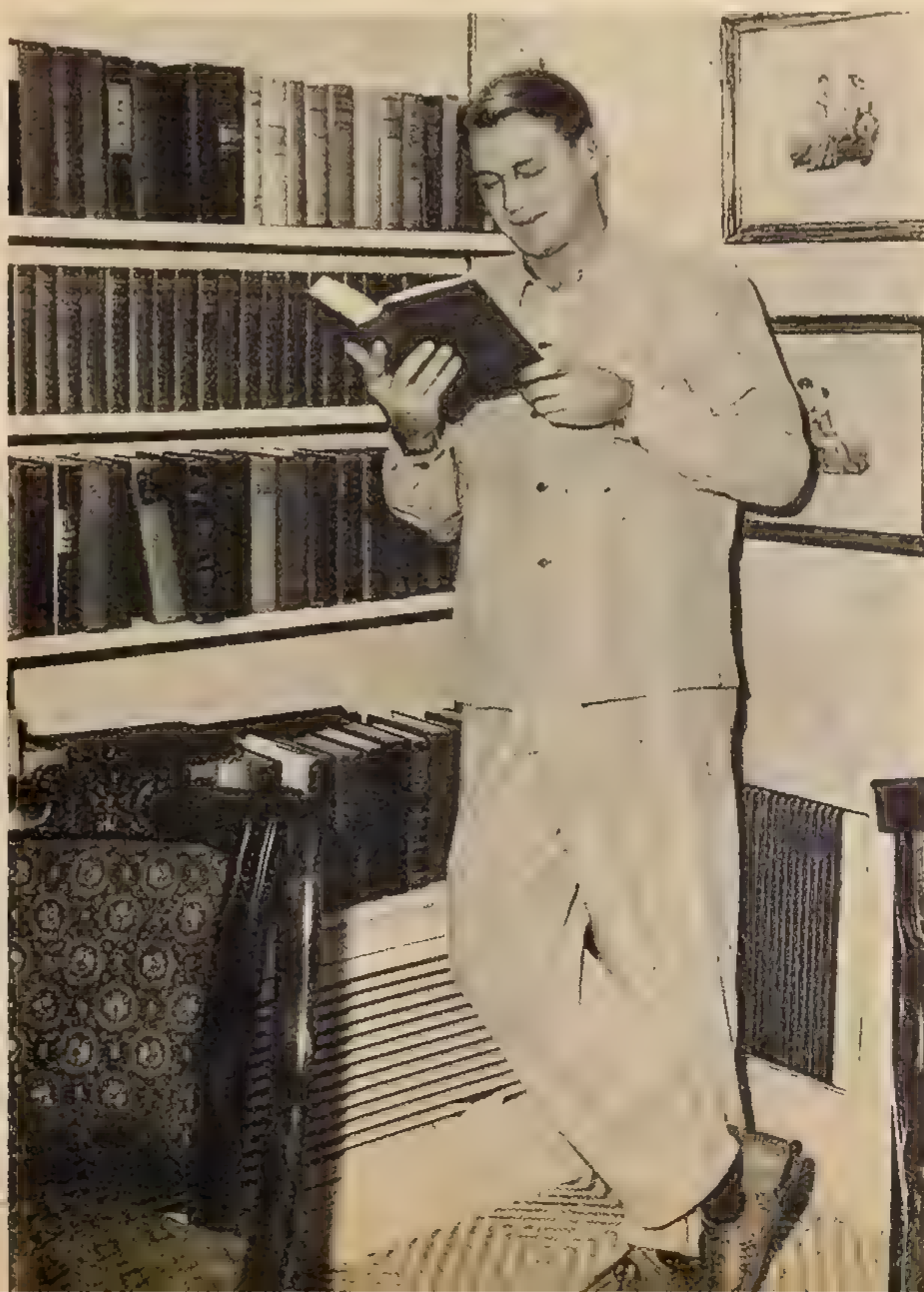
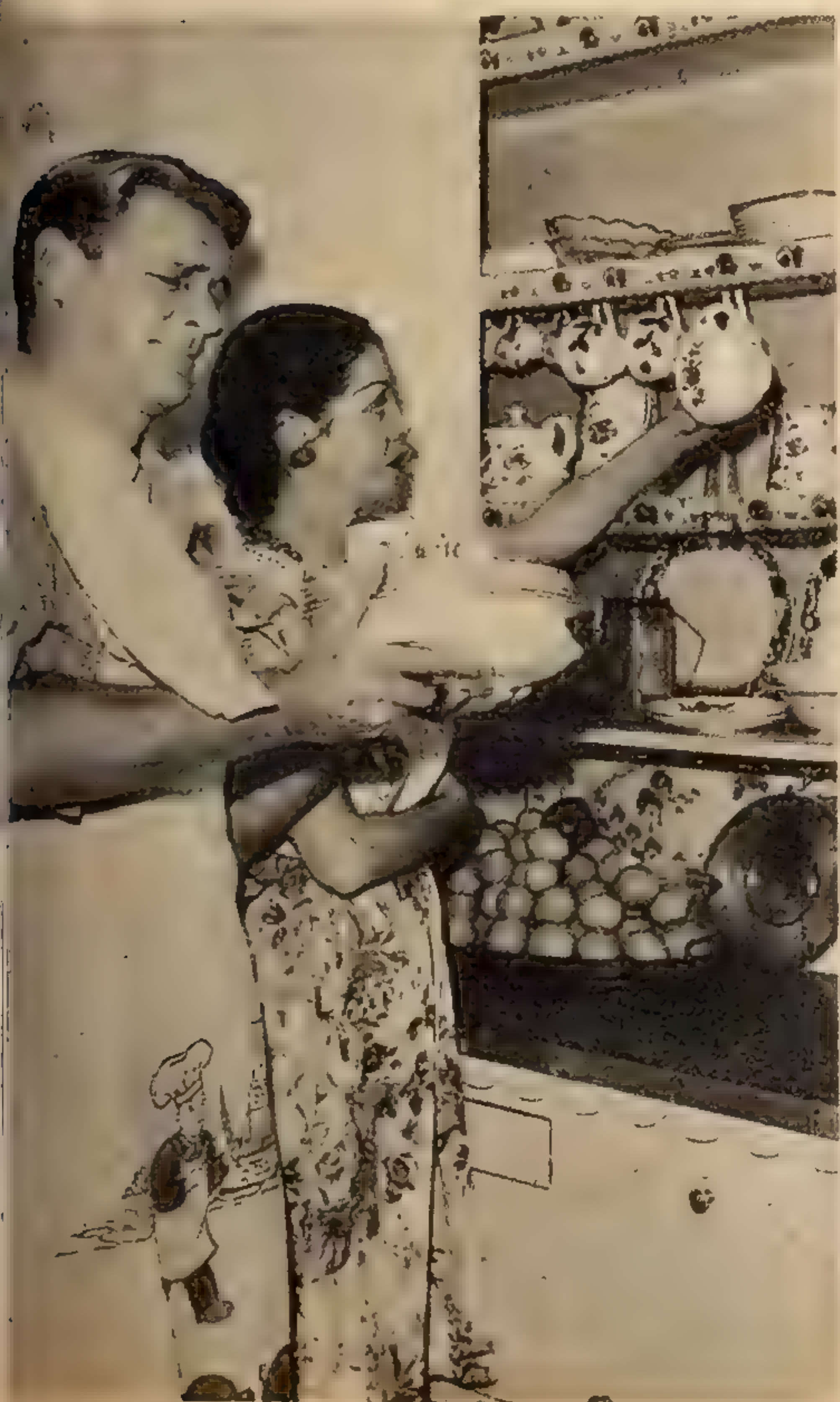
he is piling up. Among his latest are "Miss Susie Slagle's," "Easy Come, Easy Go," "The Well-Groomed Bride," and "The Virginian." Inspiration for his industry and ambition is Paulette Goddard, his discoverer and guide. "Never turn down a rôle, Sonny," she advised at the start of his career. "Get your face on that screen as often as possible. And never turn down any publicity. Even if you have to pose for cheesecake art!"

Most of his favorite forms of relaxa-



ation involve risk of life and limb. When Paramount pronounced racing on skis too hazardous and taboo, Sonny innocently inquired, "No objection to fishing, I hope?" The studio executives gave their permission gladly, not aware that Sonny does his "fishing" on the floor of the ocean at picturesque Palos Verdes, where he dives from rock to

rock hunting abalone and lobster. A long knife attached to his wrist, a diver's face-plate, gloves, and swim-fins on his big feet, Sonny risks his neck regularly without a qualm. "There's a certain amount of danger in everything you do,"
(Please turn to page 97)



Harris' Hollywood

★ Gossip by ★

★ Weston East ★

SUCH devotion between Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, now that they've buried the hatchet. He's showering her with presents, flat silver, jewelry, furs. They're also drawing up plans to make their house larger. On the blue prints opposite one designated spot, Betty wrote with her eyebrow pencil, "Either bedroom or nursery." As it turns out, it'll be the nursery, and Betty couldn't be happier.

RITA HAYWORTH hopes the public will accept her as a dramatic star in "Gilda," because she doesn't want to make any more musicals. All of which leaves her studio holding that well-known bag, because they haven't another important star with twinkling tootsies. Speaking of Rita, we know she likes Tony Martin. But if we can believe that little "bird" (and this one is usually right) it's Jimmy Stewart who *really* makes her heart sing. Says our informant: "Rita has never been as excited over anyone before!"

TURHAN BEY is on his way overseas. Before he left, he kissed and made up with Susanna Foster. He also devoted an evening each to Yvonne De Carlo and Ella Raines, giving each fair maiden a wonderful evening to remember him by. We'll bet that down deep in his heart he wished that at least one of his partners had been a girl whose initials spell L-A-N-A. A Turkish torch? Maybe.

FAYE EMERSON flew in from Hyde Park, read the part they wanted her to play in "Stallion Road" and turned it down. Next she notified her studio she preferred to work on the book she's writing with Elliott Roosevelt (as long as she couldn't do worthy parts) and asked for her release. Having nothing in mind for her, the studio capitulated. However, Faye isn't finished with a movie career, not by a long shot. She's coming back when the book is done and then watch her smoke. Big things (still secret) are in store for her.

AMONGST the dozens who tested for the mother rôle in "Life with Father"

It's a rare occasion when the candid cameramen catch up with the Frank Sinatras. So when this one of them at a preview came our way, we snapped it up to pass on to you.



Veronica Lake with Cary Grant and Betty Hensel, the girl gossips say will be his next bride. Your guess is as good as theirs. At right, Veronica chats with Teresa Wright and Niven Busch; Margaret Sullivan and Robert Montgomery at Ciro's.



were Bette Davis, Mary Pickford, Billie Burke and Dorothy Stickney (who played it for five years on Broadway). Not one of them was the type, but guess who is? Irene Dunne. Every test had to be sent east to Lindsay and Crouse, who authored the famous play and had the final okay on the casting. Irene's characterization won their unanimous approval for the movie version. Unless it changes still another time, at this printing Bill Powell is set to play the unforgettable "father."

"SUDDENLY It's Spring" is the name of Fred MacMurray's first picture back again at Paramount. He gets Paul-ette Goddard for co-star and take it from us, suddenly it is Spring for Freddie. They gave him his same dressing room, even managed to restore the furniture and furnishings. Bing Crosby was his first visitor. "Hi, there. Beaver Dam," cracked Bingo. "How ya doin'?" Fred began to grin. "Now I know I'm back," he answered.

PROOF of Jimmy Stewart's likability (as if one were needed!) lies in one of the contract requirements set forth in his home-from-the-war deal with brilliant producer-director Frank Capra for "It's a Wonderful Life." Jimmy carefully stipulated that in no publicity concerning him should the title "Colonel," which he so shinningly earned during the war, be coupled with his name. "Too many G.I.'s did too much more than I did," he told one studio executive, "for me, now merely one more civilian again, to be flashing rank." One of Jimmy's former flying comrades, a non-com, hearing this, commented, "Yeah? Well, he didn't throw his brass around in the Air Force, either!"

HER heart is still young and gay, but Diana Lynn is growing up. At a party given by producer David Selznick recently, Diana wore a low-cut evening gown, held up by a one shoulder strap. It would have been daring even on Maria Montez.

TEARS came into the eyes of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on the "Sinbad the Sailor" set. It was a fight scene. Surrounding Doug were a group of "Hard Pans," the usual extras they call in when "tough guys" are needed. All of them had worked with Doug's never-to-be-forgotten father. He remembered seeing them all when he used to visit his dad's set as a kid. It was really a nostalgic moment for him.

JUST how young can you be? A group in the RKO commissary were talking about the artistry of Garbo. Among those present was one Guy Madison. "Garbo who?" inquired Guy. And so help us, he wasn't kidding. Better hurry up and make another movie, Greta!

WITH little fanfare as possible, Hedy Lamarr and John Loder went back together. With Hedy it's temperament. With John, it's temper—though he usually controls it beautifully. Hedy's next is "Dishonored Lady." Bill Lundigan, fresh out of the Marine Corps and free of his MGM contract, gets his first free-lance lead. Warner Bros., where John was once under contract, would like to get him back again. As we say in Hollywood, they're dickering.

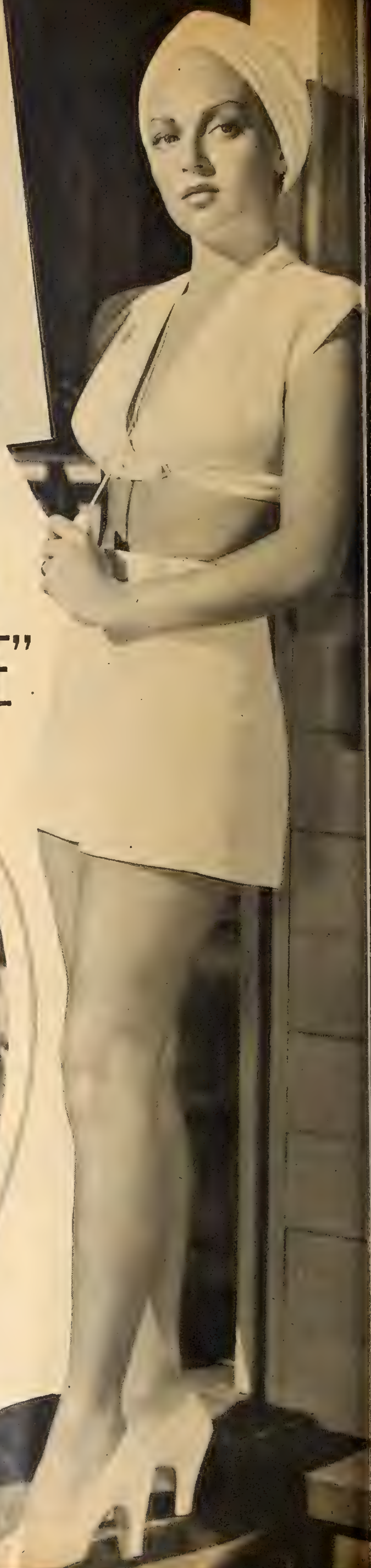


Janet Blair and her husband, Louis Busch, listen to what seems to be a terrifically tall tale Peverell Marley is telling, while his lovely wife, Linda Darnell, remonstrates.



One of the conversation pieces about this film is Lana Turner's white wardrobe which arouses masculine whistles and feminine interest. Highlight scenes: Lana, at right, as John—and the audience—first see her; at left, the sultry beginning of romance; and below, tense moment when a life hangs in the balance.

Lana Turner and John Garfield, underplaying their torrid love scenes, give a startling effect to MGM's daring film version of James Cain novel



Screenland Salutes

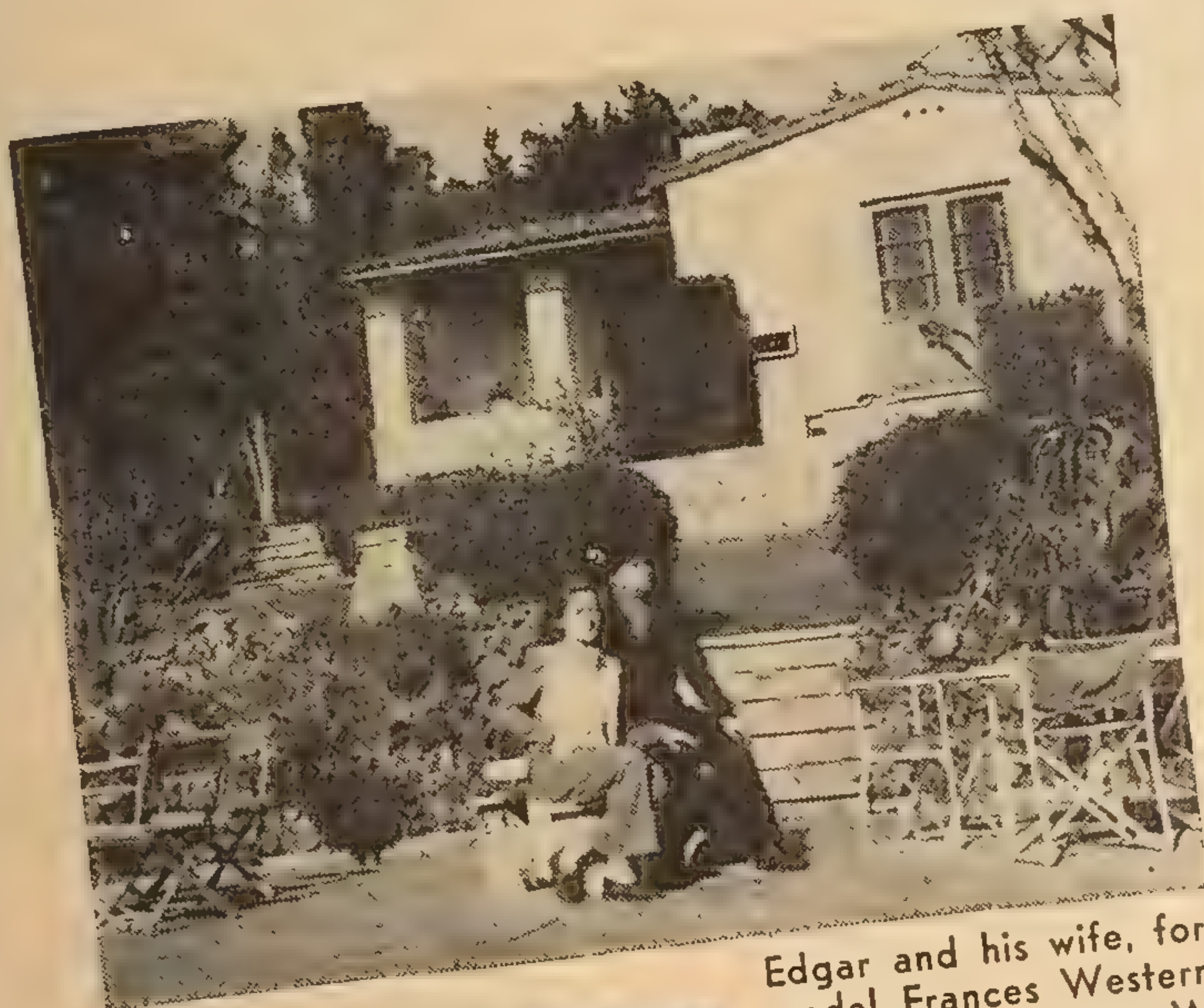
"THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE"



Charlie McCarthy and Family

The boss of the Edgar Bergens can look down his nose at all Beverly Hills society from hilltop home

Edgar Bergen works out Charlie's expense account. You know Charlie's always beefing about allowance.



Edgar and his wife, former model Frances Westerman, are soon to be three. Won't McCarthy be jealous! Left below, bills for Charlie's suits, especially tailored, costing more than Bergen's.



One place the Bergens are safe from Charlie—the kitchen, where they like to try out new dishes. Bergen's best culinary effort: Swedish meat balls.

*Exclusive photos by
Floyd J. Hopkins*



Orson Welles gives Loretta Young, starring in "The Stranger," a liberal demonstration of one of his "now you see it and now you don't" magic tricks with cast and crew as audience.

George Sanders—That's a Bloke, Son!

Continued from page 48

bareback. Much would happen in the meantime.

There is nobody like George Sanders. He fits no pattern, lives by no known formula. Born in Russia—and registered at once at the British Embassy to assure citizenship—he dimly remembers the family fleeing across frozen rivers, at the time of the revolution, and narrowly escaping with their lives.

Two good prep schools in England taught the eager-seeming young man nothing and he then frittered away a couple of years at the Manchester Technical School, where he was supposed to be studying textiles.

Why didn't he learn?

George offers savage criticism on our educational formulas. "I'm interested now in mathematics," he points out, "but I wasn't when I was attending school. Why don't they teach things in which the student is interested? Why don't they teach you about money, about how to plan a house, about law, about medicine, about physiology—about what your body consists of and how it functions? Why don't they teach you about sex? That's what's on every young person's mind."

Knowing George Sanders' brilliance, one thing is certain—the curricula of the schools he attended didn't *fit him*. Today he has a vast store of knowledge, on many subjects, and picks up what's new and interesting with a trigger-quick mind. (Incidentally, modern education is catching up with George's ideas on matching learning to life. The University of California, for example, has inaugurated a co-educational sex clinic, attended by as many as 2,000 students at a time. All questions are answered with complete frankness.)

Sports interested this boy tremendously, and he excelled in all. He holds

the gold medal of the British Humane Society for rescuing a foundered swimmer from dangerous waters.

George accomplished little during his first year out of school when he was supposed to be "learning the textile business." He confesses, "I mostly looked out the window. I got to the point where, if the boss came in and laid a paper on my desk and spoke to me about work, I considered it an unwarranted interruption."

As in school, he had failed to find the spark to fire his interest.

After a couple of comparable fizzles, the young man who resented toil tied up with a tobacco company. "They didn't wish to miss any spot on the globe," George says, "and they sent me to Patagonia to find out three things: were there any Patagonians, did they smoke, and if they did, could we switch 'em to our brand?"

Traveling leisurely, *El Sanders* covered all of the countries of South America. A Chile tour almost lost George Sanders to his future fans. Nobody in South Chile had ever seen an airplane, and George, in a burst of mental energy, decided to fly over that area and drop packs of cigarettes. He used tiny parachutes, which he designed. An automobile went ahead and informed each town, "You are now about to see an airplane."

Chile is richly blessed with high mountains and George was way up, standing in the cockpit of an antique plane from World War I, titled a Bristol Fighter. Every time the pilot dipped, or they smacked an air pocket, George rose. Once, he rose clean out of the cockpit and landed, spraddled, on the tail of the plane. "Solo flying," he comments dryly. It was one of the most exciting experiences of his life.

Somebody in the tobacco company added up after four years and found that despite George's energetic efforts (travel and change inspired him) his outland territory simply couldn't supply adequate tobacco buying revenue.

George re-arrived in England (he had toured Denmark, Germany, and other European countries, as well as South America) in the midst of the ill-remembered world depression. Despite that, he managed to catch on with one of the world's largest soap companies. Soap seemed prosaic. "I do not know what my duties were," he admits. "I never grasped them." He spent most of his time ambling down the hall to request special items of research from the head of the Market Research and Information Department. "I never knew," he cheerfully recalls, "what to do with those bits of information, after I got them." He kept on going down the hall, though. Believe it or not, the head of the Market



Danny Kaye visiting the set of International's "The Stranger," gives Orson Welles and Edward G. Robinson a vivid description of what he saw on tour in Japan.

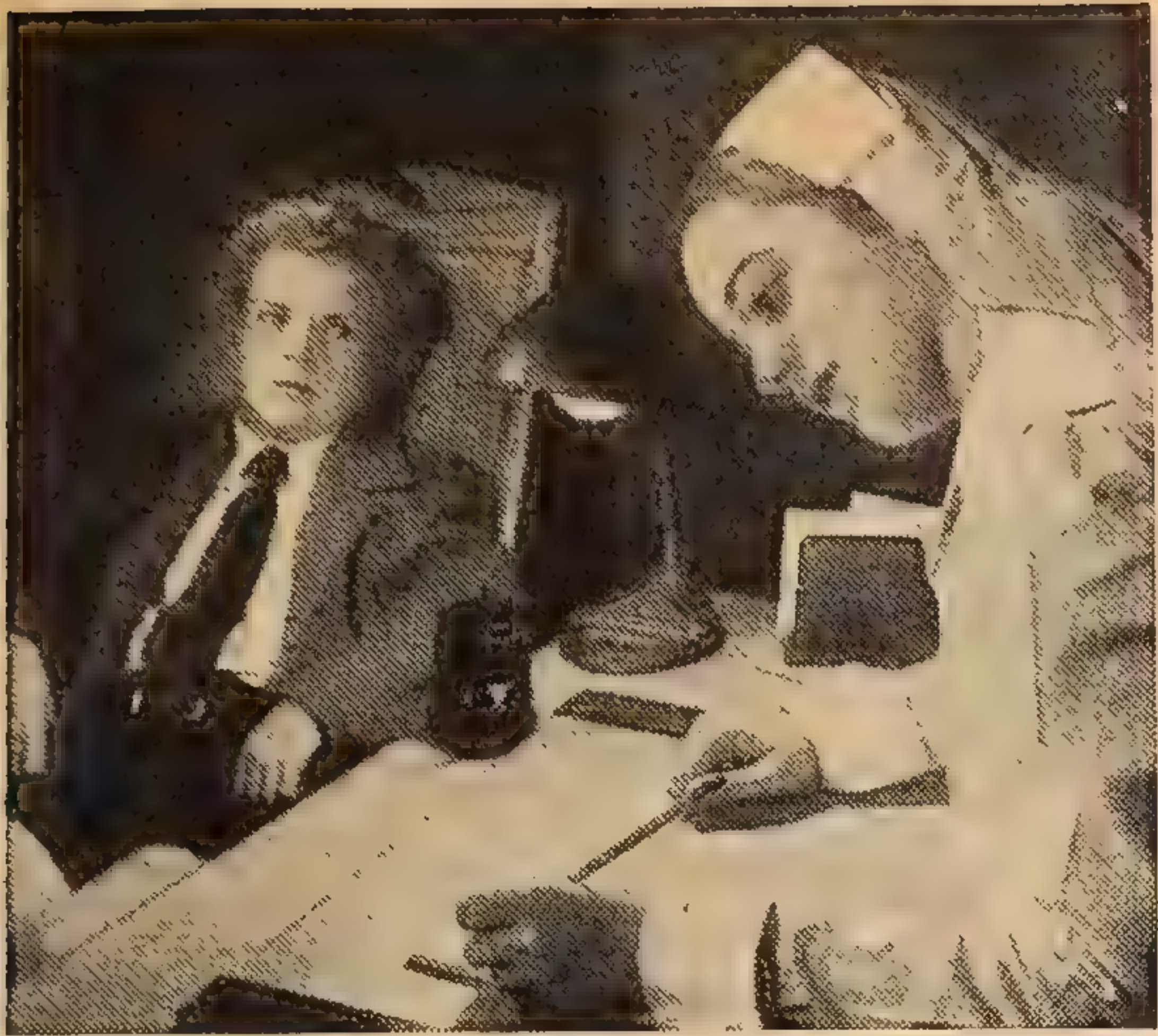
Research and Information Department was Greer Garson!

About the time that lovely Greer cut her wage in half to tour the English provinces in one-night-stand performances, a friend argued to George (yes, the soap company had fired him): "Look here, you're just failing to find yourself in one post after another. You've a good enough voice to sing around fireplaces over an after-dinner glass of port. Why don't you try it professionally?"

Many glamorous and exciting versions have been printed about George's entry into "the theater." With the devastating Sanders frankness, he confesses flatly, "I began by singing dirty songs in a night club."

It wasn't in the man's nature to remain long in such surroundings, doing such work, and he buckled down to the first real study of his life—voice. Then he began to apply, humbly enough on the surface, for jobs in various London choruses.

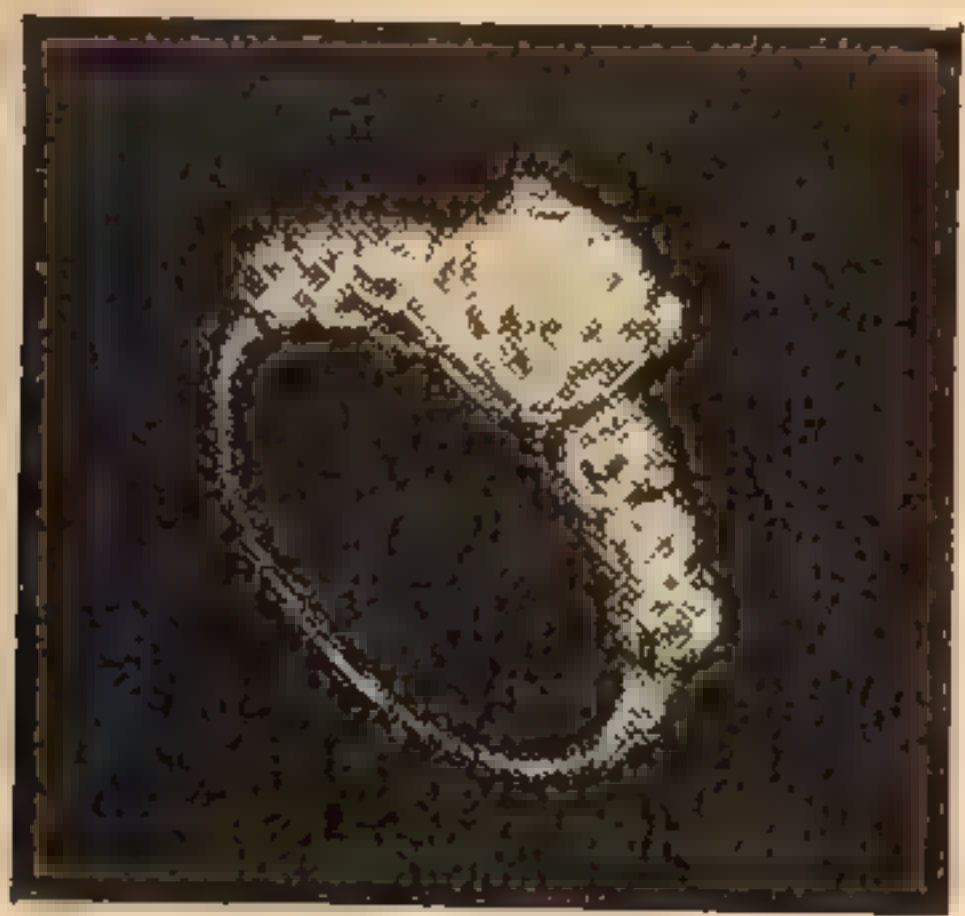
Real humility wasn't in George's nature, either, and he actually graduated into straight rôles by one-man conspiracy. "I'd sign on for the chorus," he remembers, "and would insist on understudying one of the players with lines.



HOSPITAL STAFF ASSISTANT—Early in the war Joy volunteered as Hospital Staff Assistant. "It's desk work that is very, very human" she says. Hospitals still are in desperate need of volunteers. Go to *your* local hospital and help.

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She's Lovely!

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Her ring, seven diamonds
set in platinum

Joyanne Barrett Thomas to wed former Air Corps Pilot

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ENGAGED TO JOHN A. H. DALE

WHEN she was just a little girl, Joy Thomas used to watch Jackie Dale play tennis, and ardently admired his skill.

Now, she's a tall, slim, golden girl happily wearing his beautiful ring. Another Pond's engaged girl with the soft-smooth witchery of an especially lovely complexion.

"I'm ever so keen about Pond's Cold Cream to keep my face looking nice and feeling soft and smooth to touch," Joy says. "Pond's is really a *grand* cream."

Joy uses Pond's Cold Cream like this: Smooths the silky, white cream generously over her face and throat

—and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Rinses with another Pond's creaming, circling cream-coated fingers around her face in little spirals. Tissues again. "It makes my face feel extra clean, extra soft," she says.

Pond's your face her twice-over way—in the morning when you get up, and again at bedtime. Use Pond's Cold Cream for daytime freshen-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.



Ask for a big luxury size jar of Pond's today.

*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III
The Lady Morris · Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · The Countess de Petiteville*



Everyone's getting in the act! Now it's Jack Benny's parrot who shares lines on his airshow.

Soon I'd take him out some night and get him spifflicated. He'd report 'influenza' the next day, and I'd win at least a day's chance at the part. I never ran anybody out of a play, but if some vacancy occurred during the run, the director would have seen me work, and I'd get a crack at the open part—if it wasn't too important."

Soon he became known as a good all-round workman. This led to such varied assignments as singing and taking part in a three-piano number in the musical, "Ballyhoo," acting with Edna Best ("Farther Horizon") and Dennis King ("Command Performance"), and playing a rôle, besides understudying Noel Coward, in "Conversation Piece."

All this seemed a far distance from Patagonia, yet George's ranch-house visit in the wild South American country was about to pay off. The famous actor's very first screen assignment—in a movie from H. G. Wells' story, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles"—was a brief appearance as a Greek god! "There were two of us," he recalls, "myself and a boy named Torin Thatcher. We rode white horses, nude, and, so that the lights would make our bodies shine, the director had us greased with Nujol. We were supposed to gallop up to the camera, rein sharply and deliver some weighty, pompous Wellsian lines. This sequence, mind you, was being shot outdoors, at 4:30 a.m. in the dead of English winter. Try that, clothed only in grease!"

"Did you have to make many takes?" the interviewer put in.

George laughed. "Yes, we did. You see, the other Greek was constantly falling off his horse."

"And you?"

"Oh, I stayed on. I'd learned in Patagonia that the sensible thing to do when riding bareback is to forget pride and get a good hold on the horse's mane. It's even more necessary, if you are greased."

"Didn't you tip Thatcher off to the secret?"

George's face can become very roguish. "Not till next day," he explained. "You

see, things had not been going so good with me, and though those mornings were freezing cold I wanted a *two-day* check, not a one-day, for that job."

Hard times failed to linger long. Good rôles and fine work in "Strange Cargo," "Find the Lady," and "Dishonor Bright" were followed, dramatically, by the fire-destruction of the studio where George worked. Why not try America? 20th Century-Fox tested the newcomer for "Lloyds of London" and promptly bought up his contract from the English company.

George's many excellent performances over here include rôles in "Rebecca," "Foreign Correspondent," "Man Hunt," "Tales of Manhattan," "The Moon and Sixpence," "Hangover Square," "Uncle Harry," "A Scandal in Paris," opposite Carole Landis and Signe Hasso, and now "The Strange Woman," opposite super-sective Hedy Lamarr.

The man himself is by nature an enigma. He is not given to confidences and cherishes a deep, unspoken personal philosophy: do only that which is important, or seems to you important—don't scatter your energy on side issues. George has the reputation of being difficult to interview; this derives from several causes. First, he honestly believes that an actor should stand or fall on his screen work, not depend on publicity. Second, he can't abide interviewers who ask questions like "What do you prefer for breakfast?" and "Do you sleep in the tops or bottoms of your pajamas?" Third, it is *difficult* for him to do an interview. He doesn't particularly think in terms of incident—certainly not about himself. He doesn't dramatize himself. George Sanders regards George Sanders with a mildly tolerant sense of humor.

Nevertheless this man, considered by many to be tied for sheer brilliance, in the Hollywood scene, only by Producer-Director-Writer Preston Sturges, can concentrate on the development of any pursuit on which he focuses his mind. About six years ago, when Hollywood began to pay George enough money to

assure some leisure between pictures, the six-foot-three-er, who as a boy in prep school designed and built swim-toys, returned to what he calls "practical mechanics." Among other things he constructed a very large and efficient telescope. "I literally built it from junk," he says. "That was the fun of it." Yet the finished product not only functions efficiently, but was so impressive in appearance that Universal Films bought it, with all its gadgets, for use in their pictures.

More lately, George has concentrated, outside of picture-making hours, on what might be called pure designing—the theory and practice of actual engineering designs, which can be followed with mathematical assurance that the construction will come out right.

And on what is he testing this new skill? His new home. The house, nearly completed, stands high on a mountain above Mulholland Drive, the most elevated highway near Los Angeles. From it, by daylight, your eyes can range well out into the Pacific. By night, you can be dazzled by the neon-sparkle of Los Angeles, Hollywood, the lights at sea, and the heavenly stars.

The whimsical quality in Sanders evidence itself in this home which is a plain California ranch house on the outside and the perfection of modernity inside. It consists of only five rooms, boasts no swimming pool, no tennis court.

"I built a house, once," Sanders remembers, "with a swimming pool, a tennis court, an archery butt and a croquet court. I could never relax. Every time I looked out of the window, I saw somebody standing at the swimming pool, checking its purity with a test tube, or mowing the vast lawn, or painting lines on the tennis court, or putting in place new targets on the archery butts. They even, right under my window, polished croquet balls and mallets and straightened wickets."

"My new home will be a place to live in. I won't need servants, or ground-keepers, and I think the hill is too high for peddlers to care to climb."

Movie-goers will be glad to know that George is happy in his screen work and intends to stick at it. Three recent films have pleased him especially. (He freelances and can pick his rôles. One was "The Picture of Dorian Gray," which he enjoyed "because of the marvelous dialogue." Another was "A Scandal in Paris," both because of the fun of playing *Vidocq*, the crook who reformed to become France's greatest detective, and because George had worked before, in "Summer Storm," under Director Douglas Sirk, and found the going agreeable. An added factor might be that Carole Landis and Signe Hasso—very different girls—are easy leading ladies to get along with. Then there is his latest, "The Strange Woman." In that one Hedy Lamarr so thoroughly compromises George, in a woodland shack, that he has to marry the gal.

"In which of all your pictures," the interviewer asked, "did you most enjoy working?"

That roguish look flashed again. Grey-green eyes sparkled. "What," inquired Mr. Sanders, "do you think?"

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"First work Lux Soap's creamy lather well into your skin," says Rita Hayworth. "Feels like smoothing beauty in! Then rinse with warm water, a splash of cold. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on fresh new loveliness."

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Lux Girls are Lovelier!
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What a thrill you'll get when your own hair rivals the beauty of a bright spring day.



It can, you know, when you use Nestle Colorinse. For this wonder-rinse gives your hair more color, highlights and sheen than you've ever dreamed possible.



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Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

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Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair.
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What had happened to them since they'd left home for a Hollywood career? How had it felt to be picked from 20,000 contestants—and how had it all come about?

"It came about through a photographer back in Houston, Texas—if you're looking at me!" said Kerry Vaughn. "He just sent my picture into the contest—and the next thing I knew the studio had sent for me—and I came."

With her father, who is a marine engineer, and her mother, who hated leaving Texas' red sand and sun-washed air, nineteen-year-old Kerry reached Hollywood. "As bewildered a little lone bunch of calico as ever came to the town," she says, in her slow drawl. "I thought three-flowers powder meant wheat, barely and rye, and that milk was blue because it came from discontented cows."

Most of the year—when she wasn't working at bits in Universal's pictures, playing vivacious houris in transparent ankle-length gauze pantaloons—she's been looking for a place to live.

"It was a full-time occupation," she says. "It distracted me from everything, even thinking about a career. I acquired double-jointed thumbs from ringing strange doorbells, a placating smile, an ability to lie blackly and magnificently, and a great bitterness of soul. But we finally got a house. I got it by sitting down on a doorstep and bawling at the top of my lungs, until the owner gave in."

For the rest of her spare time, she studied—dramatics, dancing—and new ways to do her blonde hair, and cut corners on money. There is, of course, a weekly check under her contract, whether she works in a picture or not. Unless her option isn't renewed when it comes up in three months.

"Oh, but it will be," Kerry assures you. "What is it Thoreau says: 'The wise man preaches no doctrine, has no scheme; he sees no rafter, not even a cobweb against the heavens. It is a clear sky . . . Things always work out if you want them badly enough. And all my life I've wanted to be a star!'"

"Things only work out when you make them work out!" said the girl on Kerry's right. Daun Kennedy. Brown-eyed, honey-haired, pert of nose and cajoling of figure, whose twenty-one years have been spent as school-girl, usherette, welder, singer and studio messenger—until today.

Daun comes from Seattle, Washington, and it was from there that her ex-fiancé, hoping to make her ridiculous, sent her photograph to Universal's beauty contest "as a gag."

"The joke boomeranged," Daun tells you. When the studio got the picture, they began looking for her all over the coast, until they found her in Seattle—since when she's been in such pictures as "Step Lively," "Murder My Sweet," "Salome—Where She Danced" and "Night in Paradise."

"If I'm ever a star it will be because

I've worked for it," she says. "You have to have a definite plan and build toward it, a step at a time." This philosophy, she confides, has developed since the failure of her teen-age marriage, which ended in divorce. "When a moth lies singed and crumpled it always blames the flame," she adds. "Love can wait. I've tried marriage, now I'm concentrating on a career, the way an architect builds a house. I'm seen at the right night-clubs, and some day, who knows, my plan of study, hard work and opportunity will pay off!"

From across the table another girl leaned forward to speak. All the light in the room seemed to center in her enormous black eyes, on the flash of white teeth in a face whose beauty was as a shower of stars. "Where I come from," she said in her rich, husky voice, "we have a saying: 'When men speak of the future, the rats in the ceiling laugh!'"

She was Karen Randle—half-Irish and half-Indian—whose real name is Lena-Belle McCarrick, and whose maternal grandmother was the daughter of Chief Lone Wolf, of Lone Wolf, Oklahoma.

Karen did photographic modelling when someone sent her picture to Universal Studios; a picture so startling in contrasts, so heartbreakingly lovely, that she was signed without further ado. The cloudy black hair, the strangely mystical Irish eyes of greeny-blue, the mixture of inscrutable calm and challenging vivacity which are her heritage, have more than justified the studio's choice of an actress.

"And I can act," Karen says. "I can also ride wild horses and make over antique furniture to sell. So—" she shrugs slim shoulders with fatalistic resignation—"if stardom does not come to me, if people prove disappointing, well, there are those painted solitudes to which I can return."

She looks at you with that curiously intent gaze of probing—and you know that she means what she says. If Karen fails, she will go her way, inscrutable and serene.

Not in the least serene, however, was the redheaded girl at Karen's side: Kathleen O'Malley, native of Hollywood itself, daughter of that Pat O'Malley who starred in silent films so long ago. The only "home town girl" to enter the contest, born with the movies behind her, ahead of her and always in her attention.

"Not that it does me any good," Kathleen says ruefully. "Nobody in Hollywood will ever take me seriously, not even my family. Every time I build myself up to doing a scene, all my relatives look over their shoulders and inquire witheringly: 'And what do you think you're representing now?'"

Her swift, exciting voice, intent blue gaze and whimsical laughter are one with the flaming aureole of red-gold hair that characterizes the O'Malleys—the thread of whose lives is strung with scarlet and gold. No beauty contest, even in cynical Hollywood, could be complete without signing one of the "gorgeous O'Malleys."

MRS. CHARLES BOYER—
glamorous wife of the screen's
leading romantic actor.

“Enticing!”

says Mrs. Charles Boyer,

“No wonder **TANGEE SATIN-FINISH**
Lipstick is a Hollywood sensation.”

Glamorous colors? Of course! But that alone doesn't explain the popularity of Tangee Lipstick in Hollywood. There's another reason—**SATIN-FINISH!** This amazing development gives a lipstick wonderful “staying power”...so that you aren't constantly taking time out for “repairs”. And even on a hot day, Satin-Finish doesn't get soft—does NOT run or smear. Remember, only Tangee has Satin-Finish.

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TANGEE GAY-RED—“to make your lips look young and gay”—a favorite of Mrs. Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

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"What I really wanted," Kathleen says, "was a stage play in New York. I've an ambition to be a legitimate actress. I went to New York last year and had several shows lined up. Then the seven idiot gods who preside over my destiny stepped in and I got strep throat, and the doctor ordered me back to California. I was homesick for Hollywood anyway—but wouldn't you know it? The day I left I was offered the part of the redheaded girl in 'Doughgirls'! Just when it was too late!"

Playing with Deanna Durbin in "Lady on a Train," being photogenically startling in "Night in Paradise," or just waiting around for the telephone to ring, Kathleen knows that the old house in Hollywood in which she was born and has lived all of her 21 years is always back of her, as a refuge. If stardom comes too, it will be very nice. If it doesn't—well—"I'll just tell myself that my Dad is right," she says. "He says, 'the more we have the more we want; and that's why some people go around looking for trouble.' And I'll just let it go at that!"

Letting things just go at that was never the way of the dark-haired girl at Kathleen's right. Poni Adams—born plain Betty Jane Smith—had been a Conover model in New York, brought to the West Coast on a national radio hook-up, and signed to Universal's beauty contest on the spot.

Poni's is a beauty that goes to men's heads like six double Martinis on a Summer day. The sophistication that sends waiters doing ground-loops to wait on her, that springs from an early background of travel in pre-war Europe and early training on the concert violin, is a thin veneer that covers a natural sweetness and shyness.

"Poni—rechristened Jane—is a perfectionist," the studio says. "She's around all the time, watching other actresses work. She doesn't just hang around the studio, she takes advantage of every bit of advice given by the best directors to our highest-paid stars. She watches everything, repeating dialogue in whispers. Poni believes in the old slogan: 'Small sands the mountains, moments make the year!' If she doesn't

succeed, it won't be because her heart isn't in her work."

Poni's heart *had* to be in her work—and in her music—since her young husband met his death at the beginning of this war. Even in Hollywood, she parries intrusion into her personal life with the cool courtesy of one who has grown accustomed to being alone. Any creative work is a panacea. Poni—Jane has found that out. If it should be that she doesn't achieve stardom, there is always the violin. Poni will never be alone.

Being alone—and unable to do anything about it—is Jean Trent's problem, as of today. Because Jean is married and frantically in love with her young husband, actor Ray Montgomery, still in the Navy. "He's my life," she says defensively, and like the girl in the English ballad, she "let's her eyes speak for her."

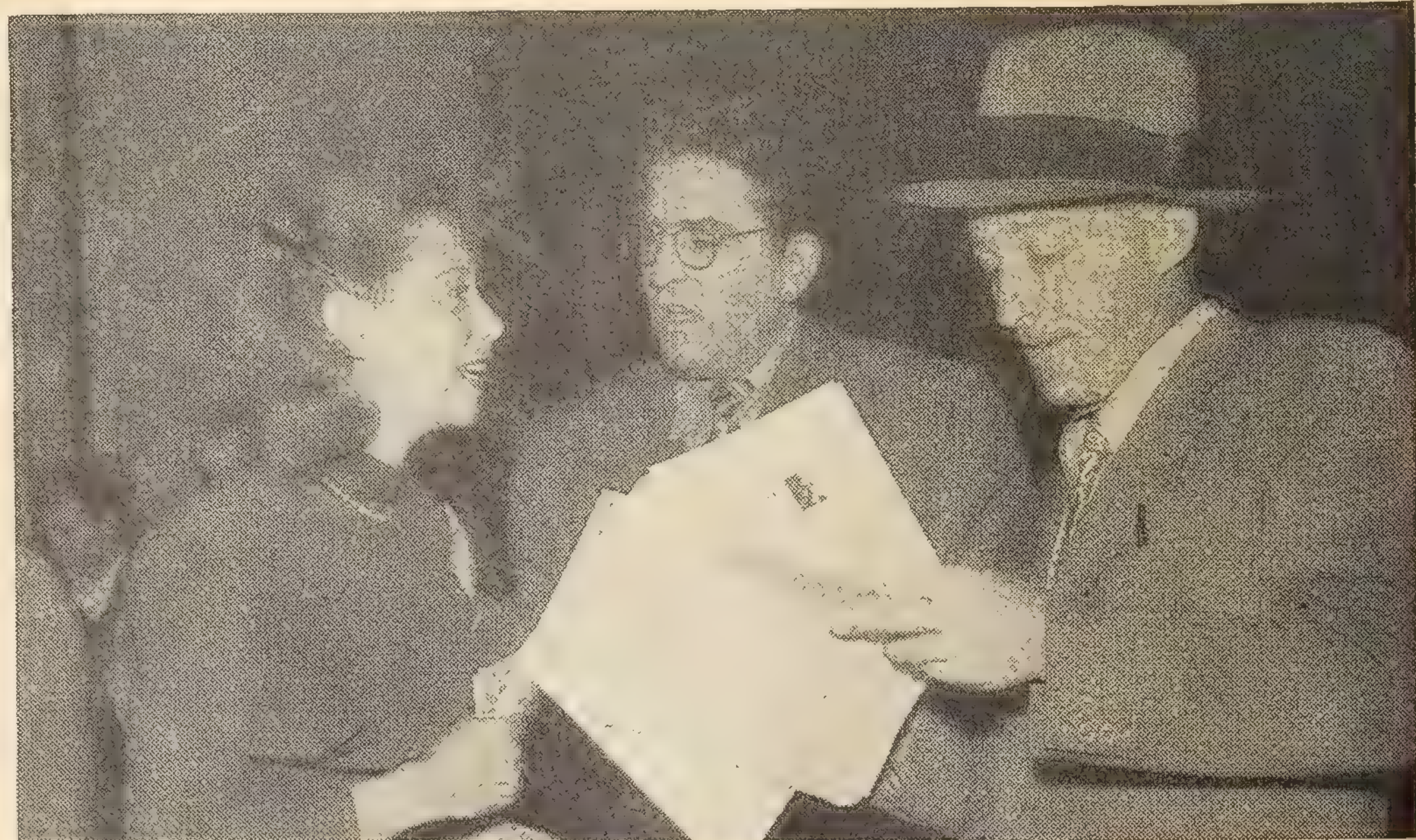
Blonde and blue-eyed, piquant and pert, Jean was "God's gift to magazine covers" when she went on tour with the Army Air Force Show that toured from Canada to Mexico, scheduled to go overseas. It was called "You Bet Your Life."

"Someone took pictures of the cast and sent them to a magazine," she says. "Some of the boys autographed my picture and sent it to Universal Studio's beauty contest. We were almost in Mexico when they caught up with us. I was the last girl they signed."

In her costume of a barmaid in "Frontier Gal" Jean scribbled frantic answers to the letters that punctuate her life with exclamation points. In her quiet apartment in the Hollywood hills she goes through the routine of all Navy wives—waiting for a phone to ring, ready to join her husband anywhere from San Francisco to San Diego, should he send word. "When he's in I forget that Hollywood exists," she says. "If a star part came up it would have to wait!"

Lovely, seductive Jean, who has acted in more pictures than any of the others, waits for one thing—for her man to come home. "I want to get this acting out of my system," she says. "Then I want to build a house and settle down and have a little girl with a taffy curl over one eye. Stardom, if it ever comes to me, can never be as important as that!"

Stardom may not be all-important,



Dinah Shore, Meredith Wilson and Bing Crosby furnish plenty of lilting song and tuneful music for radio listeners' pleasure. Here they are conferring before airtime.

it is true. But to Barbara Bates, the littlest of the seven girls, stardom is on its way.

Just out of high school, in Denver, Colorado, when her picture in a school paper attracted attention of the studio, Barbara and her mother came to Hollywood, and Barbara was signed, and has appeared in five pictures since. Even the "lens-and-shutter" men of the studios, surfeited as they are with feminine beauty, can't watch Barbara without a pulse doing a twister. Because Barbara is Woman incarnate—beckoning, bewildering, enchanting, without trying to be anything but Barbara. The misty gray eyes, the proud, vulnerable little chin, the cajoling hands are all part of the passionate interest she feels for everything about her work.

"We've had more beautiful girls," the director told me. "But only now and then do you come upon an actress to whom everything is so terribly *real*, so intensely important that she spends her waking hours worrying about improving on everything she does. She isn't worrying about her future—she's living it, *being* it every moment of her day!"

Nothing she does is planned deliberately, nothing left to chance. Everything matters to Barbara, and the humbleness with which she courts criticism, the wide-eyed breathlessness with which she receives acclaim, are as real as the unexpected laughter and sudden facile tears that are her ready slaves.

"I don't know why I worry about everything," she says. "Maybe it's because I'm like the man who hit himself on the head with a hammer because it felt so good when he stopped!"

She smiled her provocative smile; but back of the luminous eyes in the sensitive, over-fine face, strange fires kindled. Barbara plans no future. She simply feels; a being of quick ardors, deep restlessness and the disturbing sweetness that makes men's dreams come true.

So they stand at the cross-roads that lead to fame . . . the seven "Salome" Girls (as Hollywood calls them), survivors of that contest among the 20,000 all over the land. Potential star-material. Ready to be transformed into luminaries by a single "lap-dissolve"—or to drift into oblivion.

Kerry—sure of success because "things always work out!"

Daun—planning for stardom as an architect builds; stone upon stone.

Karen—fatalistically resigned to whatever Life may bring.

Kathleen—with home and family always a refuge against cold winds.

Poni—Jane—remote and serene in the possession of her second love, music.

Jean—waiting for her man to come home; and "to get acting out of her system!"

Barbara—who moves to the hidden music of wind and stars; to whom the world of men matters so terribly it is an ache within her!

Which of these shall attain stardom before the year is out? It will be interesting to watch; and to remember that

" . . . None goes his way alone,
"All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own!"

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always carrying it in his hand until the last split second. "No hat, no tie, no sarge demanding to know when the devil 'am I going to bed," he chuckled. Lon hates ever to quit and call it a day. Since he's been back he's managed to inspire even his mother and grandmother, who keep house for him, into a siege of furniture-rearranging at 3 a.m.

Lon is definitely a character, so stubbornly real, right in the middle of all the fantastic Hollywood goings-on. Not because he does startling things, but because he insists upon thinking for himself—and then has the courage to be true to his own convictions. Take the hardly trivial matter of women. He didn't have a single date for two and a half months after his return to Hollywood. He didn't care if the popular notion of the veteran home from overseas differs. So he ought to be out wolfing nightly? Nuts! The inside dope on Lon's love life is that, so far, he has still to meet the girl who can upset him. More than anything he wants to be sent out of his world by someone who's yet a shadow around the corner.

Most apt to advance furthest with him are young ladies combining (a) humor, (b) enthusiasm, (c) integrity, and (d) neatness. Most of his feminine acquaintances are actresses, because he grew up in Hollywood—not because he insists on that. Reason he's never rushed into an elopement is that he's the thoughtful sort, feels he has to succeed as a person before he can provide for a wife.

Right now, adored by the girls because of his particular personality, he's begun to realize, he admitted, how he's skipped over the rules of romancing. He's watching his best friend, Ray Sperry. The other day Ray brought Jean Porter down to Lon's beach place for a day of swimming, surf fishing, and record-playing. Lon's known her even longer than he has Ray—when he and Jean were eleven they each did a tap dance specialty. They earned seven dollars a week for five shows a day in vaudeville at the Los Angeles Paramount. He noticed Ray's raves about Ann Blyth, when they met her recently. When he heard Ann was coming to a Sunday picnic to which he was invited he asked if he could escort her, found her so much fun he maneuvered to bring her along to Reddy MacDowall's when invited there to dinner the next evening. The way she fitted in so appropriately, plus her obvious prettiness and cleverness has impressed him. Something may come of this!

His own technique, he's recognizing, has been debatable. "I never plan a date. It doesn't jell if I do. Three years ago, after 'Stage Door Canteen,' I tried the whole works once. I reserved a choice table at Chez Roland, the swanky café on the beach we passed coming out here to Malibu. Very exclusive, and all that. Candlelight, strange music, bowing waiters. I called ahead for the house specialties. We had the fanciest

curried lamb, wonderful shrimp with super-sauce, and the moon beamed in over the water. Everything, including the girl, was perfection. That is, I was the only failure in the whole set-up. I went at it so deliberately it was no fun.

"My favorite definition of love," said Lon, "is—'Love consists of this: that two solitudes protect, and touch, and greet each other.'" As with everything else for Lon, there must be an elemental reality to romance, too. He wants quality, not quantity. He won't be pushed into dates just for publicity.

He conceded he lacks a smooth line. Even forgets to take flowers. "Granny is liable to season them," he said, defensively. "Take that time I parked a corsage in the refrigerator until it was time to leave. Granny accidentally shoved some of her rare onions on it. Of course, she was sorry!" He declared that if he can't interest a girl without props, can't make a sufficient impression being himself, then the sooner he finds it out the better. "I do cart along candy." He added, philosophically, "We both can enjoy it!"

In the fine art of subtle compliments, he is a dud. Lon has no ardor for running up romantic dialogue, is no boyish Boyer. Being on movie sets so much he has seen too many actors sweep into their frilly speeches as a daily chore, so he has a horror of spouting second-hand language, even though it is prettier. He literally swerves sharply to the opposite form, going in for nicknames when he is affectionate. A young lady can accurately estimate her appeal to him by the degree of his kidding; if he starts quipping, she can safely quiver. He's nibbling.

Certainly he isn't one who'll fit into a crowd satisfactorily. He isn't social. He hates trying to be a good host. Shuns invitations to jitterbug; he mastered the skill for a movie, but, candidly, doesn't respond to that beat. He's been to the Palladium, Hollywood's big-name band dance mecca, but once and isn't going again. Too much mob scene. He avoids the ultra-elegant night clubs as pointedly as joints that jump. Lon, with all his opportunity, has been to Ciro's and the Mocambo once apiece, taking tourists and not of his own desire. He's plain allergic to night clubs. He does like to waltz, however, for he loves to listen to any Strauss tune. He has a passion for the polka, and at least twice a year bursts off on a tangent leading straight to a roof-raising barn dance.

He admires Van Johnson. "I feel like a sophomore to his senior; if we'd gone to high school together I think we'd have been the best of friends." One Johnson trait he pointed out is Van's having nerve enough to take a date home early if he had to work next day. "He's too intelligent to be taken in by keeping up with any kibitzer routine—I mean, he doesn't have to be 'taken up' by 'society' to keep his self-respect."

Lon defies Dorothy Parker's famed epigram about girls who wear glasses

getting no passes; he finds glasses on a girl provocative. When he was in college he went steadily for two years with a girl who wore 'em and he would have hooted had she timidly taken them off in his presence. The color of feminine hair may have the widest range; he's not averse to a slick dye job, if it's slick. He emphatically prefers a long bob, though. To quote him: "Loose-flowing. Carelessly well-done. Resembling a well-groomed mess!"

The girl who is going to run her fingers through his short-cropped brown hair will have to fit into his schedule; when he isn't working at the studio it is heavily accented with study and simplicity. (The Summer before he clicked in a big way he often pulled his switch on a male chestnut. He'd hied to New York for radio jobs, summered in Greenwich Village, then used to murmur, "Will you come see my Chinese prints?" But it was an honest inquiry—he really had some there!) His 1946 flame would have to include his Great Dane, beach sand, and devotion to the quiet, wide open spaces of the desert. (He's a novice in the mountains, so if she can scheme up a weekend with a log cabin and a roaring fire he might be putty in her hands.) His dates are after-show suppers usually at a diner along the highway, the ones the wise truck drivers have picked.

He doesn't mind if a girl smokes, though he doesn't himself. Until he got into the Army he didn't know how; he learned and promptly quit once he'd gotten it down pat. Instead, he's a gum-chewer. "I don't think it's any worse than smoking. I don't believe in hiding gum coyly in tissue, either. You can talk just as distinctly when chewing. I agree loud chewing is horrible. I revel in it." When he gets to a movie he chews more furiously as he grows more enthralled; at Lana's "Postman" Lon could be heard several rows away, popping his gum unconsciously and happily.

There was none of the typically Hollywood rushing out to previews, no splashy home-again announcements for him. When he had to confer with his attorney in the city he wore his pre-war sky-blue bluejeans, sneakers, and a comfortable old sport shirt. Completing his business—incidentally, he is a business shark—he dined unostentatiously in a little everyday restaurant on Vine Street where he shared a table with three strangers. They were dumbfounded to encounter a movie star there, and one so democratic.

That's Lon, earnestly clicking so he'd need an attorney, going full-blast after his goals. Finally getting around to noting the trimmings which obsess so many. Before he got into uniform he served with other stars as a waiter at the Hollywood Canteen. He then immortalized America's naive young soldier, who found first love at a canteen, on the screen. And never did get to one himself, as a real soldier. He's never even been to Santa Anita, Hollywood's superb race-track, though his hit as an Indiana farm boy with a way with horses makes him an authority on 'em in most people's minds. (He isn't. He mastered sulky-racing in two days' concentration.)

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"My movie future," he said, "is now a problem of reconciling inner, mental maturing with outer adolescent looks and casting. I want to develop into older rôles. I don't want to be typed as a farm boy." He's that, and an eighteen-year-old one, in "The Red House," the story chosen by Sol Lesser and United Artists as his first post-war production. Soon as it's finished he reports to 20th Century-Fox, owners of the other half of his contract, where they're casting him in a best-selling tale about a lame farm boy with a way, of all things, with mules! And Lon's a city boy, born and always lived in Los Angeles, with no hayseeds nor hayrides in his past. He's never milked a cow. Went out and landed his first job in pictures, as a lowly extra, at twelve when he saw "A Star Is Born." That Academy prize-winning story of Hollywood movie stars had the hero residing at movie-starrish Malibu Beach. Lon determined he'd some day own a place there. He made it.

"I want to act in a Western. And then a murder film in which I'm the baby-faced killer. Yes, a bad guy. For variety. The Army let me be a young pilot and a young husband in 'Winged Victory,' which was a step forward."

Of course, he has little say about his rôles yet. He wonders about being too independent; after "Stage Door Canteen" he managed to stave off five so-so parts, including requests for participation in a Garson and a DeMille film. He persistently held on for eight months, until the so-right "Home In Indiana" materialized. He sees no value in being mediocre. While still in the Army he read that Lesser might buy Edna Ferber's "Great Son" for him, pay \$200,000 for it. Lon read the book, believed it not for him, spoke up, forestalled that deal. "I don't believe in inhibitions. I fight mine. I say what I think." James Hilton has told him he'd write a picture for him; this thrills him.

Sincere rather than shallow, he's obviously changed since last written about. Now he's going through his most confusing phase, has a deep kinship with his fellow returnees. He's up to his ears in sorting out what to do more of, what to by-pass. With a firm opinion that everyone should pitch in to solve America's economic and racial dilemmas, he's joined the Beverly Hills branch of the American Veterans' Committee, along with Bill Mauldin, Will Rogers, Jr., and Jack Warner, Jr.



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Radio rehearsal finds Sgt. Arthur Van Horn, Harriet Hilliard, a hit on her own and Oz-
zie Nelson's show, and movie star Ginger Rogers all busy giving scripts the once-over.

He has no inclination to copy, rather is intent on expressing whatever he himself can contribute. Frankly fond of poetry, he quoted Robert Browning's "Brief Time" to me:

"Knowing ourselves, our World, our task so great,
Our time so brief, 'tis clear if we refuse
The means so limited, the tools so rude,
To execute our purpose, life will fleet,
And we shall fade, and leave our task undone."

He'd been personally painting the roof of his house a fresh dark green the day before I saw him. He recently cut the double bed in his own room in half, made twins of it. "Just for a change!" He draped fishnet over the bedspreads, a novel decorating notion, suited to the beach spray locale. He doused his chests of drawers in his bedroom in brilliant red, because red stimulates him and why not, he asked, have your favorite colors around?

He doesn't bother to have a desk. Sits contentedly cross-legged either on his living-room floor, before a huge, six-foot high fireplace, or out on the beach, when he uses his portable typewriter. I was paralyzed to discover he types well. In the Army he could only type in caps, was all thumbs. This got him out of all dull military correspondence. "I should find this out now!" I groaned.

Lon loves to receive letters, telegrams, and telephone calls. The latter is faintly complicated, for even though he's a movie star and at Malibu the best he could maneuver is a party line. The sharer has a flair for playing her pet radio programs to her distant daughter, on the party line!

His record-player is a convenient portable, which he totes easily everywhere. When he went to war he was melting to "I'll Be Seeing You." Today his private song-above-all is "Easy to Love." Since coming home he's bought only classical records, aside from "On the Town" and "Carousel" show albums. He goes for Prokofieff's "Alexander Nevsky" Cantata, Tchaikowski's 6th

Symphony, some Brahms. He has no compulsion to be loudly hep; he treasures his old David Rose, Morton Gould, Glenn Miller, and Jack Hilton disks. His mother delighted him when she dug up cases of 1918-vintage records she'd once collected. "Get the 'Sugarfoot Blues' of twenty-five years ago," he exclaimed, whirling it on. He plays the piano amusingly, after contending he can't whip out a note. That's because he's not outstanding at it. He under-exaggerates.

He spent the three months it took to prepare "The Red House" for the cameras partly in study. "Education still seems so necessary to me. You've got to be aware of the best ways of getting the most from life. What you don't know can hurt you, by limiting you." Having earned his own way in pictures, doing extra, bit, and ultimately star rôles, you might think he'd skipped a lot of schooling. He didn't. He purposely attended a private high school in Hollywood, Mar-Ken, which specializes in professional youngsters, understands their absences for work, and gives no drama coaching. He was never in school plays, never took public speaking. He had put himself through two years of Chapman College (he picked a small Christian Church college in Los Angeles, believing he could get better teaching and better acquainted there) just prior to the call to the Army.

"I wanted to go back to college now; I think I'm missing something. But—on some things you just can't go back. I wanted to take courses in the theory of writing." (Having sold several articles, characteristically he wanted to go study the way others said you do it.) "I wanted to study poetry." (Which illustrates his idealistic other half to his shrewd, practical side.) He amplified, "You know you don't necessarily learn from doing. To improve you've got to stop and think how you're doing things, what you're doing, and why."

Consequently, foremost on his recon-version vacation were the three hours a day he went to school, to himself. He drove away up the beach, having packed

a lunch, his books, and his typewriter. "I'll never give myself a diploma, but I hope I can give myself an education."

He loves to read. Avoids most fiction, calls serials a frustrated story-telling. If you would share his favorite modern books, read Walter Von Tilburg Clark's "The City of Trembling Leaves," or any books by Aldous Huxley, Philip Wylie, Joseph Conrad, Joseph Mitchell, H. G. Wells, Richard Wright, or William Maxwell. Lon isn't awed by best-sellers. He didn't finish "The Fountainhead," for in spite of its acclaim it didn't ring true to him. He thought "Forever Amber" tried too hard. He recommends Mildred Cram's "Forever" as the idyllic love story.

Never vague, given to underplaying as his method of scene stealing when before the cameras and to understatement in person, Lon said he has no guilty feeling about preferring the company of one, or two or three good friends to parties. He's always "found himself" by going off alone, then enjoys sharing with a few pals.

He's no apple-polisher. Thinks it unnecessary, regardless of the hoey ladled out in Hollywood by many. His best friend remains Ray Sperry; they began their extra days together years ago, and now Lon's just been able to get Ray on the payroll as his stand-in, a long-cherished dream.

His favorite movie stars are Cary Grant, Janet Gaynor and Irene Dunne. He's never met any of them. His admiration for their screen personalities and his loyalty contents him, reveals much. He worked as an extra and bit player in the pictures of dozens of now-fellow stars—Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, George Raft, Ann Sothorn, George Sanders, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Ann Sheridan, John Garfield, Fredric March, Joel McCrea, Barbara Stanwyck, etc., etc. His last small rôle was in an Errol Flynn epic. He became acquainted only where an interest was mutual—with Judy and Deanna, for instance. He defied Hollywood's dictum that an extra can never become a star.

He is about to blandly by-pass another rule, this time the one about prestige once you're a star. When he played *Romeo* to Katharine Cornell's *Juliet* in his canteen picture, he'd never seen the empress of the stage in a play. They became good friends, though he's still not had the chance to see her in a Broadway triumph. Having learned how to hold his own in such fast-acting company by actually doing it, he is now about to study how-to-act. At 20th the unknowns under stock contract put on plays. Lon, entirely of his own volition, is going to join the group. It's an unheard-of move. "I can't last on my Irish profile, or my lack of height," he said. "Why can't a star be a student?"

Lon likes after shave lotions, lady barbers, making decisions, walking on the beach in a storm, sailing both by daylight and moonlight, Frank Sinatra and his singing. Time is of little importance to him. Foreign dishes are his food enthusiasms; he's no stolid, same thing year-in, year-out eater. Nicest thing about him as a dinner partner is

his dislike for butter—he passes it over. He almost had a nightmare when the Army took him to Alaska—his perfect teeth, which never had to be straightened, threatened to turn green. The threat collapsed, inexplicably, when he got back to his beloved California sunshine. He hates cold weather, made himself earmuffs which he adhesive-taped and wired on when in freezing climate.

He sleeps in the nude, always with one light on. He avoids arguments, encourages discussions, brands anger the emotion that's useless. His calm was purposely acquired as most advantageous. He can be teased, and likes to be. He detests trains, no matter how modern, wangling plane trips when he travels. He wants to see China more than any other foreign land. His chief characteristics are (1) determination, (2) shrewdness, (3) his sense of humor, and (4) his acceptance of responsibility.

His ambition to own a good sail-boat is yet to be achieved. Once he was stranded three whole days in the Pacific, trying to get back from Catalina with four buddies in an obstinate one-master; he informed his puzzled school principal it was an act of God. His most highly valued material possession is Mac, his dog. His chief splurge has been for a honey of a wrist watch with a gold face. He thinks "Barnaby" is the best comic strip; intends to learn how to play a guitar this Summer. He's not the least mechanical about his car, lazily letting Ray, who is, fix it when it needs repairs. He's sentimentally concerned over the

fates of his college fraternity brothers.

He has no trouble limiting his worrying, being definite and realizing there are only a few things in life important enough to worry about. He is strikingly different from when he went into the Army in that he no longer has to win everyone's approval, a sign of maturity. An only child, he credits dependence on himself to the time in service. He prefers a shower to a tub, can cook a little, moves with a zip except when it's time to wake up. He needs a bugle then, for he sleeps serenely until somebody else is afraid he'll be late somewhere. He has been learning to play cards, has a trained, soothing singing voice which he never employs except on his intimates. He scorns all elaborate ways, but gets a secret wallop out of dramatizing his private affairs to himself. His nickname, which he instigated when in the seventh grade when he saw one was inevitable, is Bud.

Lon's seriousness about self-equipment answers much. He isn't counting on acting forever; he thinks he'll probably become a writer. When he marries he'll provide amply; he'll wait until he can. He wants no counterfeits, nothing second-rate, in the meantime. Learning how to live, to estimate properly, to select the excellent is his primary duty.

"I hope all parents give their sons time to readjust. It isn't easy," he said. "Everything is the same now that I'm back. The people, the places, the studios—they're all the same. I expected they'd change. They haven't, but I have. I've come of age!"

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Easy to Live With

Continued from page 53

said Keenan. "I hope so, too," I said. But I had no intention of leaving future meetings to fate, which is entirely too unreliable.

By discreetly questioning Keenan's friends, I learned that the place where he usually went for lunch or a bite after the theater was Pat's Chop House on 47th Street in New York. A specialty of the house was spaghetti. It was a lucky thing I like spaghetti, for I began to haunt Pat's Chop House. Feeling the way I did about Keenan, I would probably have ordered gobs of spaghetti even if I hadn't liked it, just on the chance of catching glimpses of him at the restaurant.

About the third time that Keenan and I "accidentally" met at Pat's Chop House, he asked me if I would care to go for a drive with him. Of course I jumped at the chance. Then he took me out and pointed to his car. I had thought he would be driving a modest Ford. Instead he had a big long maroon Mercedes with chromium pipes, which looked about four blocks long to me. Taking a deep breath I clambered in beside Keenan, and we whizzed out to Long Island, where we had sandwiches and beer.

The Mercedes, had I but known it, was another omen. It was a sign-post pointing the way to Keenan's fascinated interest in foreign cars. That fascination with foreign cars has been the chief bone of contention between us. But more of that later.

From the day of that very first date till we got married about two years later, Keenan and I dated each other every night. I stopped going with other beaux; he ceased going with other girls.

Keenan in those days was very confused about his abilities as an actor. All his life he had lived in the shadow of a great star—his father. When he went to see producers to ask them for an acting job, they would tell him how wonderful his father was and is, and how he would never be able to live up to his father's greatness.

In some ways Ed Wynn and Keenan were very close, and yet it was difficult for Ed to understand why Keenan performed his comedy rôles so differently from the way he, Ed, played his parts. Watching Keenan rehearse, Ed would say, "Why don't you take a pratt-fall?"

"It isn't in the script."

"Why don't you take it anyway? People won't notice you if you don't."

Ed found it difficult to understand that Keenan was trying to get across a different and individual idea of comedy. Keenan's type of comedy didn't include pratt-falls, which had helped make his father one of the great comedy stars. But today no one is prouder of Keenan than Ed Wynn. "Always knew," Ed Wynn chuckles, "that my boy would be a great comedian."

In a way you could call Keenan's romance and mine a restaurant romance. He proposed to me one day in Reuben's in New York, over one of those "Dag-

wood" sandwiches they serve there—containing ham, chicken, cold slaw, pickles and swiss cheese. Actually, we proposed to each other!"

Ed Wynn at the time was having marital difficulties with his second wife; and Keenan suggested that perhaps it would be best for us to get married secretly, so that we wouldn't flaunt our happiness in his father's face, just at a time when his father was so unhappy. Then we began to picture the reactions of different people we knew when they found out, months later, that we had been secretly married. Keenan went through some of his priceless pantomime, showing what their reactions would be. I began to giggle.

About a day later, we eloped. We had quite a difficult time finding a minister who would marry us quickly enough, so that I could return to work the next night in the Broadway show in which I had a part. We drove to Washington, D.C., only to learn that three days' waiting time was required. We drove to Elkton, Maryland; but there, too, several days' waiting time was needed. We tried Alexandria, Virginia, too. Finally about 3 a. m., having learned that no waiting period was required in Warrenton, Virginia, we got married there, after waking up the minister from a sound sleep.

Because I had met Keenan when I was wearing yellow, I wore yellow on our wedding day. I had on a gray and yellow tweed suit, a large yellow brimmed hat and yellow suede shoes. Keenan had bought me a corsage of beautiful orchids flecked with yellow. And my wedding ring was a big yellow band.

When I returned to work, I was still wearing that gold band. People in the company asked me if I had gotten married, and I said I hadn't, that the ring was one my mother had sent me which she had asked me to wear. They seemed to accept my explanation. I have never taken off that gold band since it was first put on my finger.

They say you never know a man until you live with him. Perhaps so, but Keenan and I found it very easy to adjust our lives to each other, for we'd gotten to know each other well during those two years of steady companionship. There were really just three bones of contention between us: foreign cars, Keenan's complete gullibility, and his passion for motorcycling. Whenever there was a new car to be bought, Keenan insisted on the foreign variety. Again and again I held out for American cars. But Keenan couldn't see it my way. "American cars are so dull," he would say. "You can't tinker with the motors."

"Why spend money on a foreign car, then spend more money getting it fixed up?" I pleaded. "When you get all through with them, they never run as well as American cars anyway."

Each time the battle of the foreign cars came up, Keenan won. Recently,

however, I persuaded him to buy his first American car.

A continual source of amazement to me is Keenan's complete naïvete about money. He has no idea of the values of things. Give him a hundred dollars a day and it would slip through his fingers. Give him ten dollars a day, and that would slip through them, too. So I give him just a dollar a day, and let him borrow the rest. Then I pay back what he borrows.

Because Keenan has played the part of *Private Mulvehill* so convincingly on the screen, people sometimes wonder if he may not be a kind of *Mulvehill* in private life, too. The truth is he's exactly the opposite. In real life he's much more like *Corporal Hargrove*, and is a completely gullible man.

Take the incident of the ducks, for instance. One day some man came to MGM, selling small ducks. Several actors bought a duck a piece from him, and so did Keenan. Later one of the men said, "The ducks are really quite a nice buy at forty cents a piece, aren't they?" Keenan looked at him wide-eyed. "Are you kidding?" he said. "You didn't really get your duck for forty cents, did you? I paid two dollars for mine." Keenan was the only actor who'd paid that much. How the duck-seller had so instantly spotted Keenan as a gullible man, I'll never know.

Keenan likes to bring his car to people he says are his friends for any repairs he needs. Since they're his friends, he says as a favor to him, they give him special rates. Special rates is right. Where any other repair man would charge \$250 to do a job, his friends charge Keenan \$2000 as a great favor. I remember the time the steering wheel of one of his cars shimmed whenever the car reached a speed of 35. Keenan decided that only his friends could fix the car. For three weeks, the car was laid up in their tiny repair shop. Keenan didn't wait till the car was ready to pay them. He sent them a check for \$498 right after he left the car with them. That was the price they said it would cost to fix it. When he finally got the

car, they told him, "If you have any trouble with it, just change the tires." Keenan drove away, and the moment the car hit 35, the wheel began to shimmy just as it used to do. So Keenan changed the tires. The wheel still shimmed.

I called up the repair men and told them about it. They asked if Keenan had shifted the tires, and I said he had. Then they were stymied. But if Keenan wanted to leave the car with them again, they said they would fix it again. Visualizing another bill for \$498 with nothing accomplished, I decided we'd just have to let the wheel go on shimmying or find some other repair men.

Our quarrels about motorcycling ended about the time Keenan had his serious motorcycle accident. Up to that time I'd been very unhappy every Sunday, when Keenan would go motorcycling with a group of friends and drive off into the hills. In vain, I'd tried to argue him out of his passion for motorcycles. I thought they were dangerous. "If your friends want to go motorcycling, let them," I said. "If they're in an accident, and their faces are disfigured, at least it won't endanger their livelihood. But it's different with you, Keenan."

Keenan has always loved risky sports, and he couldn't believe that motorcycling was as risky as I thought it was. He wanted to take Ned, our four-and-a-half-year-old son, motorcycling with him. Ned worships Keenan, and usually will do anything he suggests. But this time my counsel prevailed over Keenan's suggestion. "Mother says it's too dangerous," Ned said.

Although Keenan was later injured in a motorcycle accident, he has no regrets. "I had my fun," he says, "and I'm not sorry. Even being injured was a great experience and I learned a lot from it." I think he's proud of the tiny scar on his cheek which is the badge he wears as the result of that experience.

He never regrets anything. Not even his crackups in three different planes. Not even the way his skin was injured when he was in an airplane accident at the age of 14. Nor the numerous

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flops he had on the stage before he be-
came a success. He feels that each ex-
perience contributes something.

Because of his father's marital trou-
bles, he led a rather lonely life as a boy,
although his father tried to be both
father and mother to him. Remember-
ing his own lonely childhood, he spends
as much time as he possibly can with
Ned and our baby, nine-months-old
Tracy. You should see Keenan and Ned
engaging in gymnastics together. Keenan
lies on his back holding Ned up in the
air by his feet. Ned has learned to balance
himself like a regular young acrobat.

Out in the yard, they play at bar-
bells together. Keenan has a regular
barbell. Ned has a metal bar which
weighs 10 pounds. And though he him-
self weighs only forty-six pounds, he
triumphantly lifts the bar in his small
chubby hands and goes through the mo-
tions he sees his father performing.

Young as Ned is, his father has trained
him to love good music. Ned can listen
fascinated for hours to such music as
"The Flight of the Bumblebee" and
"The Nutcracker Suite." Keenan adores
Debussy, Delius, Borodin, and Stravin-
sky. And Ned enjoys all those great
musicians, too. Ask Ned his favorite and
he will tell you, "I have no favorite.
They are all my favorites."

But the lighter side of Ned's life
isn't neglected either. Keenan reads
comic books to him and takes him to
see the adventures of Mickey Mouse and
of Bugs Bunny. So far, he has never
taken him to see any of his own pic-
tures. He says he hasn't yet given any
performance that he considers good
enough to show to his son.

Personally, I think that the perform-
ances Keenan has already given fore-
shadow even greater performances he'll
give in the future. There are few com-
edians who can also play dramatic rôles,
but Keenan can. He takes a keen in-
terest in Shakespeare, and some day
I'm sure he will be a great Shake-
spearian actor.

He is, as you might suspect, a keen
observer of people. Keenan, however,
doesn't actually imitate people. Rather
he absorbs the subtle things about them
that other people don't notice because
they're so obvious—and it's those subtle
things which he so unerringly depicts
on the screen. Often when he's playing
a screen character, he likes to suggest
little touches which will add to the char-
acterization, and is very happy when
he has a director who will listen to
him. Remember when as *Mulvehill* he
drove around in a truck which was
camouflaged? Even the cigar he was
smoking was camouflaged—and that of
course was a Keenan Wynn touch. No-
body else would have thought of it.

He is an exceedingly easy person to
live with. I have never known him to
indulge in moods or temperament around
the house. But it is almost hopeless
to try to get him to go shopping with
me. It embarrasses him terribly to be
seen in a woman's shop. Well, you know
how women are. Sometimes I feel that
it would be a great help to have him
with me; but it isn't worth the high
pressure campaign it would require. Of
course, I have a pretty good idea of

what he likes. I know that he likes me
in green and black, and that he likes
me to wear dungarees and plaid shirts
for informal wear. I also know that he
loathes me in white. He says I am too
sophisticated looking to wear white, and
he says it so emphatically that I have
given away every white dress I ever
had. There was one very smart white
dress which was a pet of mine. Keenan
made me send it to my sister. I hope
she likes it as much as I did!

Getting Keenan to go shopping for
food is just as difficult as getting him
to shop for clothes. Once in a while he
has gone to the market with a carefully
prepared list of what we need; but once
he gets into a super-market, he gets lost
there, and never returns with all the
items on the list. Those he brings back
are invariably other brands than the
ones I wanted, usually inferior and less
well-known brands. During the war,
when ration points as well as money
were needed for marketing, Keenan
would be in a complete daze if he tried
to market. He could never keep track
of either the money or the points needed.

He is an easy man to feed. I know
by heart the menu that will please him.
Bluepoint oysters or cherrystone clams,
turtle soup, filet mignon burned outside
and rare inside, asparagus with Hol-
landaise sauce and baba au rhum. He
likes baked potatoes but not mashed
potatoes. He won't eat turnips or egg
plant. He doesn't care much for cakes,
but he likes bread and tapioca pudding
and berry pies for dessert. There is just
one dish which he himself knows how
to make. It's delicious. To make it, he
beats up 12 eggs, fries about 12 slices
of bacon, chops up onions very fine, and
scrambles this mixture.

Although he is not neat or orderly,
he is completely immaculate about him-
self. He gets shaved every day. He
won't shave himself because he claims
his skin is too sensitive for self-shaving.
Each day he makes a special trip to the
barber for his daily shave. He takes two
or three showers every day. He is very
extravagant in his use of toilet water,
dousing himself with bottles of pleas-
antly smelling toilet water after every
shower.

But he throws his clothes anywhere.
He never remembers to hang them up.
I've tried to reform him but without
any success. Finally, I decided that con-
sidering his other great talents and vir-
tues, it was a small enough thing for
me to pick up after him.

It is hard to persuade him to go to
his tailor for fittings. He always forgets
to send things to the cleaner's. At regu-
lar intervals I have to go poking about
in his closet, trying to determine what
needs to be sent to the cleaner's.

Though he's absent-minded in some
respects, Keenan always remembers my
birthday and our anniversary. For our
first anniversary, he gave me a gold
wrist watch with the inscription, "I love
you from now until eternity." Of all the
gifts he has given me, this one and a
gold link bracelet with a secret inscrip-
tion are my favorites.

He likes to read in bed: biographies,
all the books by famous war corre-
spondents, Thayer's "The Greek," Sand-

burg's "The War Years," and Fowler's "Good Night, Sweet Prince," which he has read and reread innumerable times. He never grows tired of reading about John Barrymore. He knew him personally and admired his acting tremendously. He has his speeches from "Hamlet" and "Richard III" on records and will play them over and over again. He also has a great admiration for Ralph Richardson, the English actor, for Helen Hayes, Judith Anderson and Ingrid Bergman.

He admires his father's brand of comedy greatly. He thinks his father has one of the really great talents of the theater, and he would do anything in the world for his father, just as his father would for him. Once when Ed Wynn was the star of a big revue, "Boys and Girls Together," one of the actors in the cast had a heart attack. It looked as if the show couldn't possibly go on that night. But on three hours' notice, Keenan played the part. I doubt if he would have done it for anybody but his father, because if he'd been poor in the rôle, he would have been violently criticized. Attempting a rôle with only three hours to prepare was certainly taking a great risk. Somehow Keenan came through with a fine performance.

Keenan's idea of a really entertaining evening takes one of two forms: a quiet evening at home with close friends like the Gary Coopers, Tyrone Power and Annabella, Dickie Whorf, Hume Cronyn, the Robert Nathans, the Gene Kellys or Van Johnson—or a roustabout knock-out evening watching a giddy floor show like the one at Slapsy Maxie's. Keenan himself is a wonderful dancer—he can do a grand rhumba, a wonderful jitterbug, tap and ballet, too, but for some reason he doesn't care to get up and dance. Says night club floors are too crowded. When we're visiting friends, I sometimes persuade him to join in the dancing. But he's never an eager beaver about it.

When we entertain at home, we always play musical records and we sometimes show home movies. The home movies show Ned from the time he was three weeks old to the present time; we also have movie film showing the baby, Keenan, myself and various of our

friends. I'm the photographer in the family, and take all the pictures.

Recently I returned to the screen in a rôle in "Dark Corner." Some professional husbands may object to their wives acting; not Keenan. I continued my acting up until the time Ned was scheduled to arrive. While the children were small I temporarily gave up acting. But Keenan urged me to go back to the screen. He feels that if you have any ability for acting, you want an opportunity to express it.

Keenan's great interests are tinkering with motors and acting. Once, motors came first with him. Now it's acting. Since our marriage, he has become much more interested in his career as an actor. At one time he wasn't at all confident about his screen career, and considered giving it up. I'm sure movie fans are glad he finally decided that perhaps he did have something to give to the screen after all.

Much has been said about the fact that Keenan is the third Wynn to become famous as an actor. He is the grandson of Frank Keenan, as well as the son of Ed Wynn. I doubt, however, if the Wynn tradition will end with Keenan. Sometimes as I watch Ned imitating the way different people walk and talk (he even does a good imitation of the baby getting hysterical and excited) I just know that Ned is going to be the fourth Wynn to make good on the stage.

Worshipping Keenan, he tries to imitate him in various ways. Recently Keenan had to grow mutton chops for his rôle as Frank Morgan's father in "But Not Goodbye." Ned was fascinated by his father's 1870 period beard. One day as Ned was brushing his teeth, he examined his face in the bathroom mirror; then turning to his nurse, he touched his smooth young skin and asked, "Don't you see some fuzz here? Don't you see a beard coming out like Daddy has?" She had to admit she couldn't see it.

Again he touched the skin just above his lip and asked, "Don't you see a moustache?"

It will be a long time before his dream of a moustache comes true, but already I can see his father's imagination and his father's love of acting sprouting in Ned.

This Man Mason

Continued from page 40

with Margaret Lockwood and Patricia Roc, had the most fashionable West End première since the war, with Queen Mary and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire heading the distinguished guests. When James was told how warmly they had applauded him, he answered serenely, "Of course they did. I was good."

Then he decided to have a change and appear with Ann Todd in a modern drama, "The Seventh Veil," a bitter vivid rôle after his own heart. Yet even when he is being so deadly cruel and callous on the screen, his potent attraction comes through. "The Man You Love to Hate," as the English girl fans have long since christened him.

He's a curious puzzling character, this man called Mason. On the set and off it, too, he's exceedingly temperamental and frankly admits it. He's restless and impatient, never satisfied with anything he does but always consumed with the burning desire to do something still better. He will refuse a part without the slightest hesitation if he doesn't like it—"I can't do it justice, so why should I waste my time?" he'll ask. He was offered more money than he had ever got before to play *Lord Bruce Carlton* in "Forever Amber" but he ignored the finance and simply read the script. Next morning he mailed it back to America with a short red-pencilled note: "I could never



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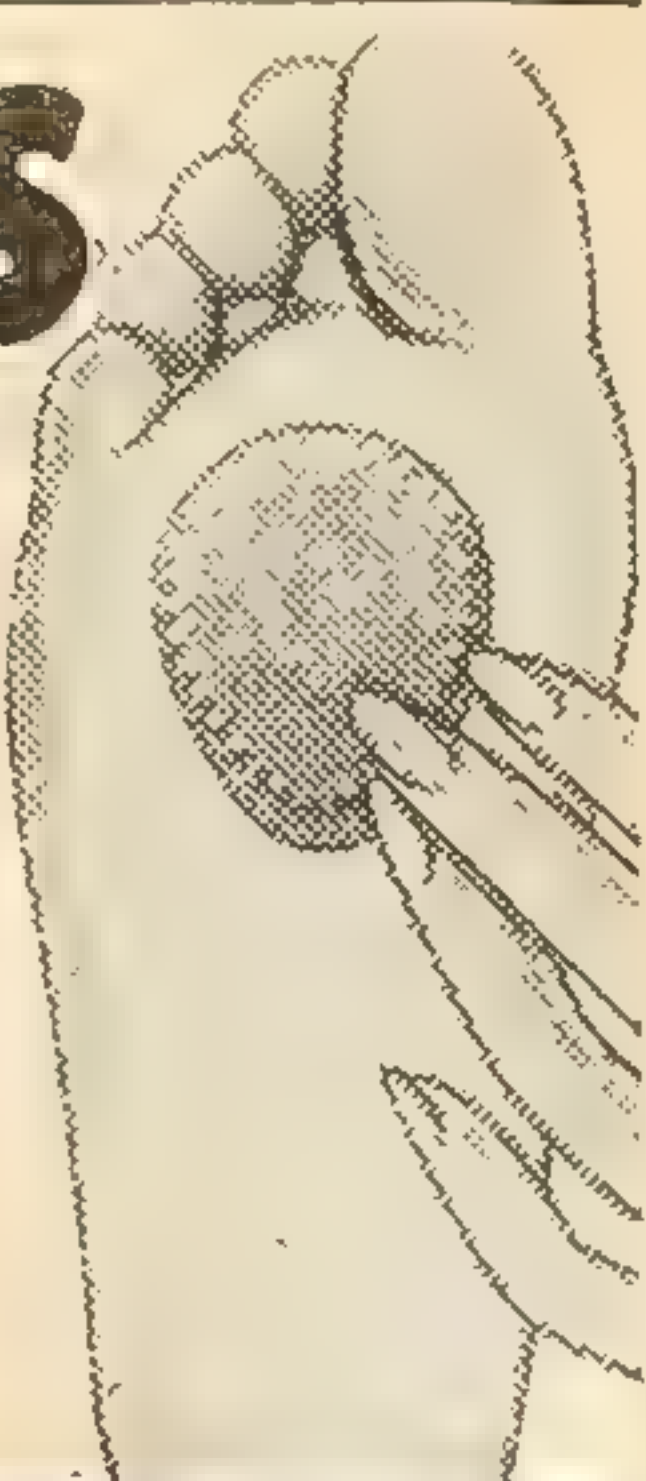


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feel like Lord Bruce should so am not interested."

Then he turned down the biggest male rôle of the current British screen year, the hero of Daphne du Maurier's picture based on her famous Irish novel, "Hungry Hill." Instead he announced he is going to direct and act in a film made according to his own ideas, a psychological story called "The Upturned Glass." It has been specially written for him by an American, Captain John Monaghan of the U. S. Army in Europe. They met last fall when James and his wife were entertaining the occupation forces in Germany and are now the closest friends. When James said he wanted to act in a really grim thriller, John spent his off-duty time concocting one. He has taken his release from the Army in London rather than come home to New York for it, and now he is helping James to make the picture. They work under conditions of strictest secrecy, locking the doors so regularly the studio carpenters named the set "Atom Bomb Corner."

It's been said too that now James has at last a director with whom he can't argue! Many a time in the past when he hasn't considered the scene in progress was being played to the best advantage, he has stopped work and told the director how it should be done. Sometimes he has got his way for he's keenly intelligent as well as completely sincere, and he has studied the technical sides of movie-making intensively. And where period production is concerned, he knows exactly what is correct, even to the details of the food the noblemen ate or the kind of slippers her ladyship must wear.

Some people call Mason a regular throwback to the seventeenth century, akin to its spirit in every way. Undoubtedly he would have been perfectly in tempo had he been born in those ardent olden days, with his zest for full and elegant living, his feeling for gallant romance and his appreciation of culture. He comes of a fine old English aristocratic family himself and is a graduate of Marlborough College and Cambridge University where he excelled in Latin, Greek, and art.

He doesn't care for any outdoor sports or games, and although he has had to learn to ride and fence and swim for his film work, he won't do either when the cameras are not there. Reading and drawing are his leisure hobbies and he is deeply interested in architecture. Not the least of the reasons that made him decide to come to Hollywood in the Fall was that he wants to study the Aztec influences in both old and modern buildings in the Southwest.

California attracts him because he loves sunshine and warmth and bright colors, both in dress and furnishings. Elegant surroundings and gracious living are essential to his mental health. Drabness and imposed monotony can quickly make him actually sick, but he responds to a suitable environment like a bird opening its plumage to the sun. Don't think he's a poseur, with an irritating "must-have" ego. He's utterly honest and without affection, so because he is sensitive to external influences, he acknowledges it openly.

His friends in England have always

been men and women of intellect, famous writers, university professors, scientists and painters among them, for his tastes are infinitely wider than his own profession. He loves good conversation. His idea of an enjoyable party is to entertain in a spacious, handsomely furnished room and after wine has been served, to relax in deep easy chairs and just talk. He talks outstandingly himself, with a keen sense of wit and satire. The notions he puts forward about literature and politics and sociology are often arrestingly unconventional and daring, but he commands the respect of his listeners.

His wife Pamela is a tall slender brunette, wide-eyed and silver-voiced, daughter of a British movie magnate, with a wealthy cosmopolitan background. She has written several books and scenarios and produced a film in which all the action took place out-of-doors. She recently acted with James in "They Were Sisters," in which he gave a marvellous characterization of a passionate self-centered husband who drove his wife to drink, drugs, and finally death.

In England the Masons live in the wooded countryside near the Denham Studios but not in the appropriate cottage type of architecture. They have a white and green mansion showing strong Italian influence, with arched gateways and windows with painted shutters, and terraced gardens with old statuary like a villa at Capri. It looks very strange under grey English skies but James declares it has the proper atmosphere for him.

He picked all the decorations and furnishings for it, just as skilfully as he chooses gowns for his wife and draws enchanting little hats which her milliner copies. He usually designs his own costumes for period films, presenting the art director with perfect colored sketches authentic down to the smallest detail. He once remarked that if he wasn't so successful as an actor, he would happily be either an architect or a dress designer, dedicated to making only clothes that were glowing, romantic, and completely bewitching. He believes women should always be lovely to look at—and loathes to see them in pants! When he first meets them, he glances at their hands to read their true personality. He says, "A woman's lips can lie and sometimes her eyes may deceive, but her fingers are unchangeably truthful."

He is always called by his full name. The casual informal Jimmy would be obviously unsuited to such a man. He has never known poverty or struggle during his thirty-six years and he has never played a minor part on either stage or screen. When he appeared in college productions of Shakespeare and Sheridan classics, he found acting so enthralling he decided to make it his career. He went on to the London theaters and was presently invited to take a screen test. That promptly proved his tremendous flair for work before the cameras so he played the tempestuous vindictive father in the film version of A. J. Cronin's early novel, "Hatters Castle." He has continued to be a star ever since, and after eight years in the British studios he has signed a Hollywood contract.

He accepts his success quite naturally,

revelling in these rôles of strongly unpleasant yet oddly fascinating men because they offer greater opportunities than mere straight characters. He seems to get right under the skin of these types, showing their redeeming good qualities without underplaying their badness. Somehow he makes them intensely human. You sigh at such hardness and selfishness yet at the same time your sympathy is won because Mason has made you feel what poignant emotions inspired the man. Few actors can carry a love scene with more passionate sincerity, his warm voice throbbing, beseeching, caressing in turn like a fine violin under a master's hand.

It is going to be interesting to see what

"But that is what I think so I had to write it. How could I do anything else?"

It's difficult to argue with Mason anyway, because nothing will induce him to alter these individual ideas he sincerely considers are right for himself. And you're handicapped from the start because he is a connoisseur of words as well as of food and wine and tobacco. In addition to being polished and apt, his language is frank and forceful. He will certainly be a delight to the Hollywood reporters, for asked his views he answers clearly and decisively without caring two little pins what anybody else may feel. It isn't that he's publicity-conscious or seeking those headlines he frequently achieves. He just can't help being himself, and be-



James Mason, England's most exciting current film personality, poses with his actress wife, Pamela Kellino, and one of their seven pet cats on the terrace of their home.

Hollywood thinks of James Mason—and what he thinks of Hollywood. Whatever he feels he will say outright in his own picturesque and slightly cynical fashion, always completely truthful and candid. If his remarks should happen to annoy anybody, that will be regrettable but inevitable, and James will merely shrug his shoulders.

Last year he startled the movie executives of London's Wardour Street by publishing a magazine article, "What's Wrong with British Films." He reported that in his opinion most of them lacked glamor and made some pungent comments about certain feminine stars and their acting standards. When horrified friends reproached him, he looked surprised and said simply and seriously,

ing James Mason so often happens to be good copy.

Movie-goers in America will probably have divided views about him as a man, though there cannot possibly be any doubt concerning the quality of his acting, especially in those historical parts into which he fits so naturally. There are no standards by which to measure his rich personality for there is nobody else in the least like him on the screen, either in America or Britain.

Cultured and confident, fiery and provocative and ardent yet superbly controlled when needs be, this man called Mason is a brilliant new star who now appears on the American horizon. Though just what Hollywood will soon be calling him as yet remains to be seen!



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Happy on a Hilltop

Continued from page 35

to think differently. Now I realize what an incomplete life one leads as a single person. Before, I used to get annoyed at anything that interfered with duties at the studio. Now, every time I have appointments I begrudge the time I am away from home.

"Right after we were married, I did seriously think of giving up acting. I talked it over with Roy, but he wouldn't influence me one way or the other. I guess he knew it was a phase I was going through, probably one I *had* to go through. I know now I would never have been happy. To give up would undermine my plan for our life together. Roy has faith in me, and I, too, want to attain some stature as an actress. For example, I really dislike the glamor part of it—looking in mirrors, getting all dressed up for the proper occasions, being recognized in public, continuously living up to a certain ideal expected of actors. But I'm willing to go through with it in order to attain a certain goal. When that time comes, I believe I'll be ready to retire. Then, too, the studio spent a lot of time and money launching my career, including me in their future plans. So it wouldn't be fair to let them down. Right now, loving our home and the way we live, sharing so many things that can only be shared if we can be together—I have to constantly force myself to divide my interests. I guess maybe that's my little penalty for being so happy!"

Call it luck, fate or what have you, right from the beginning not only were Angela and Dick attracted to each other, but they *needed* each other. Since his memorable debut in "Tol'able David," Dick has given thirty-nine excellent performances in as many pictures. To date, Angela has been in five. He's been through it all; she's just beginning. He's tasted the bitter with the sweet, had all the heartaches and happiness that come with fame. For her initial appearance, in "Gaslight," Angela was nominated for an Academy Award. Since then, she's had excellent rôles ("The Picture of Dorian Gray," "National Velvet," "The Harvey Girls," and "Hoodlum Saint"). So far, her illusions have been spared. Combining their mutual interests makes for a set of values that are pretty close to perfection.

"Our marriage is so ideal because we supplement each other," says Dick. "Each is accomplishing something on his own, and this is the way it should be. We will strive to remain individuals. I have held out for what I believe, because through experience I have learned what constitutes my personal happiness. I don't limit my life to ideal circumstances, because I can be perfectly happy, within reason, to take what I can get. I know this business well. I have made lots of money in it, and it has brought me a certain independence.

"I'm not kidding myself, I know I've had my day, but I'm not making my life around it. I was in the service for three years. During that period, I had

plenty of time to think. I still want to make pictures. But I've never limited my mind. I'm interested in writing, painting, sculpting. Right now I'm part owner of a profitable ceramic business. I make all the original figures. If I can't do pictures that I at least feel comfortable doing, then I'd rather not do them at all. That's why I've turned down several offers lately.

"On the other hand, I can fully appreciate Angela's career problems, having faced them all myself. Unlike a husband from some foreign walk of life, I can understand the demands of the studio, the reason why she might be tired or irritable after a hard day on the set. If Angela has to work nights, go on personal appearances, eat dinner with visiting firemen, I understand it all. I've done it. Angela has looks, talent, and a mind to go with it. Through the medium of pictures, she will know a freedom, eventually, that she might never have experienced."

By living their individual lives together, Angela and Dick will never know the meaning of boredom. To the contrary, there are constant surprises, some of them quite amusing. There was the time the studio came to the house to take some super-sexy poses of Angela in her new rôle of Mrs. Cromwell. Good trouser that she is, Angela put her tongue in cheek, pasted on her MGM eyelashes, and proceeded to dream it up. Just as she was looking her most luscious, in marched Ruby from the kitchen.

Completely unimpressed with Hollywood history in the making, Ruby (who had a peach pie in the oven) shouted: "Mis' Cromwell, there's a man at the back door with a sack of steer manure. Where yo' all want him to put it?"

That night Angela and Dick were having dinner served on individual trays in their upstairs sitting room. She told him about the untimely arrival of the fertilizer for his tulip beds. Of course, Angela thought it was a sensational joke at her own expense. They couldn't stop laughing. It's now Dick's favorite story he loves to tell on Angela. She also has her favorite she loves to tell on him.

Right after they were married, one morning, while breakfasting in front of the downstairs fireplace, Angela wistfully wished they could have a piano. When she arrived home from the studio that night, there was a shiny new baby grand sitting in the music room.

"I rented it," was Dick's simple explanation to his beaming bride.

Months went by. Finally it was Angela's birthday, and Dick decided to give her a party. He invited Moyna and Angela's young twin brothers, the Zachary Scotts, the Scott McKays and a group of friendly non-professionals. The party started early because everyone was working. There they were, outside by the pool having cocktails. The garden was riotous with color. Through a loud speaker, wired out from Dick's recording machine, Walter Huston was singing "The September Song."

They drank a toast to Angela. Next she opened her presents. Then Dick explained he had called the music company and told them he was buying the piano for her birthday. No sooner were the words spoken, when out marched Ruby. "Mistuh Cromwell," she announced, "they's two gentlemen here to pick up the piano!"

For a moment there was a stunned silence. Then Angela got the giggles, and everyone roared with laughter. Somehow Dick's instructions had been misinterpreted. Instead of sending him a bill of sale for the piano, the music company ordered their delivery department to call for it.

The food arrived. Then came the birthday cake. While Angela was cutting it, the twins disappeared out to their car in the driveway. Back they came, each carrying a violin. As a surprise for their adored sister, they had learned "Happy Birthday to You." As a shock to each other, and too late for remedy, they discovered they had practiced it in different keys. Angela insisted they go right ahead and play it. It was a birthday party she will long remember.

On their serious evenings; and there are many, Angela and Dick like to dine early. They prefer the upstairs sitting room instead of their dining room, because they can enjoy the view. Out there below them glisten the lights of Hollywood. High up on their hilltop, it gives them a wonderful feeling of isolation and security. A favorite meal consists of roast lamb (next night lamb curry), green salad, a vegetable from their own freezer, Chilean wine and coffee.

They like to dine early so they can have long evenings. Both love movies in general and double features in particular. Ofttimes they are on their way home to bed when most people are just getting up from the table. They also love to listen to the radio. It's impos-

sible to reach them via telephone during their favorite "Suspense" program, or "The Hermit's Cave." Even better than most broadcasts are their own recordings, made on their own recording machine.

Dick authors the material. This is one time when actors have no arguments over billing! Eventually they hope to do a series of radio shows together. Some enterprising sponsor might do well to jump the gun and investigate the situation. In their spare time, Angela is posing for a portrait that Dick is painting. He has already had two offers to exhibit it, but he is saving it for his own one-man exhibition in the future.

Angela and Dick enjoy their personal comfort. Around the house they wear comfortable slacks and sports shirts. More times than not, if you drop in on them unexpectedly, you'll find them barefooted. They dislike formality intensely; they subscribe to the theory of live and let live. They aren't even faintly interested in Hollywood gossip, keeping up with the Mendls and the Maxwells, or doing all those things that are "good" for them.

Of course, like every married couple, there has to be at least *one* bone of contention. In the Cromwell household, it really is a tempest in a steaming tea pot. Being English, Angela loves to drink tea. She loves to drink it morning, noon and night, on the hour, between the hours. All of which is just fine with Dick. If she wanted to walk around with a clothespin on her nose, he'd still think it was her right and privilege.

But Angela doesn't like drinking tea alone. And Dick doesn't like it! Period. He's tried, to please her, of course. He imagines in another twenty-five years he *might* get used to the stuff. Tea for two, or not—they're still two of the nicest, happiest couples you'll find on any Hollywood hilltop. Here's hoping they never come down to earth.

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The Winner! Ray Milland

Continued from page 29

toward an Academy Award eventually?"

Giving me one of his serious, penetrating looks, he said, "Subconsciously I do in every picture."

Then the lighter side of his nature came bouncing at me when I asked what decided him to take on this rôle. He gave me a slight smile, raised his right eyebrow and said, "The fact I'm well paid."

Underneath this facetious remark you could easily see that Milland took this rôle because it was a "fat part"—a term actors use to denote a rôle favorable all the way to the performer. Yet there aren't more than two or three actors in Hollywood who could have taken on this commission. Van Heflin is one; Fred MacMurray is another. Can you think of anyone else?

As a matter of fact, Milland says the part was considered a "hot potato" by most leading men. Four advised him against taking the job.

Milland said he never worked so hard in any picture. His mood during the entire shooting was atrocious. The subject matter did not lend itself to a change of pace. There was no comedy to offset the drama. It was drama all the way. He was constantly before the camera. And there was the "prop" tea he had to drink in each scene and the heavy beard he had to grow and the dreadful itching he had to contend with because he couldn't shave. He said three months of that almost drove him into a "lost weekend." But he never once felt like chucking up the assignment. These are rôles he likes and the heavier the better, he said.

So after fifty pictures Milland finally wears the mantle of "greatness"—for in screenland no honor is greater than the Academy Award. Some achieve "greatness" sooner, some later. Jennifer Jones cracked the winner's circle virtually in her first screen performance. (She had several minor rôles in Westerns before "The Song of Bernadette.") Some, although capable actors, never get a chance to hold a precious Oscar.

Winning an award is a 100-to-1 chance. There are many elements involved. Taking for granted the actor is seasoned and able, the story, writing, directing and photography all must blend perfectly. This is all to the advantage of the artist. No actor ever won the award without all these elements combined to set up his winning performance. But to merit such a part an actor must put in many years of hard work. Milland served his apprenticeship in the school of hard knocks and after fourteen years has found the pot o' gold; heartbreaks, however, were all along the way. Born in Neath, Wales, on Jan. 3, 1908, the son of a steel-mill supervisor, Ray—his real name is Jack Millane—grew up on an uncle's horse-breeding farm. He worked a potato boat that serviced the Channel Islands and attended public schools. From there he went to Kings College and later in the British Household Cavalry, which is the King's personal bodyguard.

Ray gave all the signs in his salad days of being a rugged individualist who couldn't be regimented. While he liked Army life with its shooting, fencing, boxing and carefree existence he couldn't submit himself to the tight pants with no pockets or the rigid posture when he sat on his horse for guard duty. Inheriting \$17,000 from an aunt, he gave up his promising Army career and struck out for a grand tour of Europe. One year later he was in London with pockets in his pants but only \$50 in them.

Ray blew the fifty in one night on Estelle Brody, the English film star, at a dinner in Ciro's. But that dinner was responsible for his entry into motion pictures. Miss Brody introduced him to a casting director and Ray played several extra parts. Later he landed a rôle with a provincial troupe in "The Woman in Room 13."

The road show folded and Ray returned to London. Then his marksmanship came in handy. He got a part in a Lya De Putti picture in which he was an off-scene worker. He was to shoot a small mirror out of Miss Putti's hand. But lady luck was with him. Instead he got the rôle opposite Miss De Putti when Cyril McLaglen, Victor's brother, fell ill. The picture was "The Flying Scotsman."

Following his short picture part he was signed for a London stage revue and he was tagged by an American film scout. With the fanfare and rolling of drums usually accorded a foreign star, Ray sailed into Hollywood and appeared opposite Constance Bennett in "Bought" for Warner Brothers. But the picture failed to click. Several minor rôles after that and Ray returned to London. In six weeks he returned to the movie capital and played in "Larceny Lane" and "The Man Who Played God." Again he failed to hit the jackpot and returned to England. Again the drumbeaters of Hollywood started a Milland build-up when he returned for the third time to appear in MGM's "Payment Deferred." But Ray just couldn't click. Either he wasn't ready for Hollywood or vice versa. So again he shuttled back to London.

After making "Orders Are Orders" for Gaumont and "This Is the Life," for British Lion, Ray hit the Hollywood trail again with the usual results and two more trips followed and on the third he was so financially low that he was living in a furnished room and cadging meals from a soda jerker at a corner drugstore. And then out of the blue he was offered a rôle in "Bolero," at Paramount. He followed with another in "We're Not Dressing," and then came a contract.

But Ray still didn't send the reviewers or studio heads into ecstasies and his career was more or less at a standstill. On a loan-out to Columbia he co-starred with Loretta Young in "The Doctor Takes a Wife." Given free rein in that vehicle his talent for comedy became apparent and he won national recognition from critics and fans and Ray found himself after that and Hollywood had a "find" on its hands.

Claudette Colbert insisted on having Ray for her leading man in "Arise My Love." She got him, and the picture was a hit. "I Wanted Wings" followed and Ray's studio mail started to take on the proportions of an avalanche. Claudette said she couldn't do "Skylark" without Milland. She got him, and that picture was even a bigger hit than "Arise My Love."

While there were some Paramount executives who didn't think Ray was ready for bigger things, Y. Frank Freeman, studio vice-president, did and with some persuasion Ray earned the lead part in "Reap the Wild Wind." It was his big chance and it was the jackpot for him. The picture was a tremendous hit and sent Ray's stock soaring. From there on Ray had the track to himself and he was definitely established as one of Hollywood's big, box-office attractions and heart-throbs.

Milland's marital existence has been as turbulent as his screen career. Married fifteen years ago to Malvina Muriel Weber, his connubial life has run from moments of ecstatic joy to the depths of utter despair and unhappiness. Ray is subject to temperamental fits. He runs hot and cold. It's not a case of enlargement of the cranium due to success. He's always been that way. Perhaps, if one could probe deeply enough and get Ray to admit it, he'll tell you that he's subject to migraine headaches and that's the underlying reason for his temperamental outbursts.

The Millands have separated three times. Once they were divorced—that was back in 1931 when he flopped with

MGM. They were remarried in '34 and then parted for a week in '38. At another time the separation lasted four months and the flareup was nothing more than overwork at the studio. It's never a separation over waning love. The Millands are mad about each other—proving the old bromidic line about "true love never runs smooth."

But Ray's temperament doesn't stop at home. He's that way about people and is very extreme about his tastes in everything he does. He'll go overboard about some person for the nonce and then forget him when he begins to prove boring. There is one thing, however, in which his interest will never wane, and that's his music album. He can sit for an hour at a stretch listening to music and he has a library of more than 2,000 records.

And then there is son Danny, four, who never bores him. Since Danny came into the picture Ray sticks to the old fireside and makes his home his castle. As a matter of fact, he has always preferred home to night life. That was due to his early fling in life when every evening meant the rounds with his cronies. Today he's bored with all that stuff and prefers people, but they'd better be interesting, or else.

All dramatic actors at one time or another, when interviewed, will admit that they would like to play *Hamlet*. Ray is different—or perhaps he was in one of his droll moods. When I asked him what sort of part he would like to do next he said, "Death Takes a Holiday."

That's Ray Milland!

Expectant Father

Continued from page 31

wondering about such things as whether or not there would be another war. He wondered, too, if he would worry about a son at war, or if he would be able to take it in his stride and just be proud. He had a hunch that the pride would be mixed with a tight feeling in his heart, and that he'd need Mary's steadying hand. In a matter of weeks, he jumped ahead twenty years. Overnight, he was older, more mature, and facing—angrily—the stupidity of a world that couldn't remember.

He felt more settled, too, and—long before the baby was born—he began thinking of his family in terms of the three of them. When he and Mary flew to New York in Bob's plane, he said of the event, "This is *his* first trip, and *he's* getting a lot of flying: night flying and instrument flying and day flying." He also had seafood, Chinese food, Italian and French food, because Bob wanted *him* to develop cosmopolitan eating habits so that *he* would be at home in every country of the world.

"In New Orleans," says Bob, "the baby got a taste of Oysters Rockefeller at Antoine's. That's a wonderful dish. They take a pie tin and fill it with rock salt. Then they push down half shells in the salt just up to the rim of the shell. This is put in an oven and set at some

fantastic French temperature. Then oysters are popped into the shells and covered with a sauce made of thyme, butter, absinthe, spinach, garlic. All this is browned over the top. It's very special and I wanted the baby to get a taste of it."

There were, of course, the usual number of people who told Bob (who has been flying since he was 17): "I suppose you are going to stop flying now!" This reminded Bob that people told *his* father, who loved to drive those "strange new automobiles," "I suppose you are going to stop driving that car now." Bob says, "Here we have progressed to another generation and people are telling me it wouldn't be fair to the child to continue flying. In the next generation, people may be saying that it isn't fair to go traipsing off to Mars. You can't stop progress, even if you wanted to. And for our children's sakes, we shouldn't want to."

Yes, like every young father, Bob felt like a parent long before he actually was. He also found that the newcomer was to make drastic changes in his life. In the first place, Bob has always loved ranch life. Oh, perhaps with a playhouse and a swimming pool, to say nothing of a really lovely main house and four acres of fruit trees, a caretaker's cottage, a

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

house for his mother, and the usual assortment of chickens, dogs, and animals, ranching was a bit on the lush side; but Bob loved it because he could relax outside, get into dungarees and out into the fields.

One night he arrived home from the set of "The Bride Wore Boots," and he realized that it was dark and gloomy. It was a full hour's drive from the Paramount studio in Hollywood to his home. It hit him with terrific impact: if he had to get up at 5:30, and didn't get home until after 7:00 at night, *when would he get a chance to see the baby?* Bob took a look at his beloved "farm," and suddenly it no longer seemed a pretty wonderful place. It seemed like a grim monster whose sole purpose in life was to cheat him out of precious hours with his son. He didn't blink an eye; he picked up the phone, put the place on the market, and sold the entire establishment in less than a week.

This haste, he later learned, just wasn't quite bright. Because no place in Beverly Hills could he find a house or an apartment to rent. In the first place, there just weren't any; and, in the second place, there seemed to be a law against children. Bob finally bought an apartment house to get an apartment.

Time was of the essence. Suddenly there was much to do. The apartment had to be completely redecorated. The ranch furniture, which is lovely 18th Century mingled with Victorian, had to be moved into the new home. The baby's room was, naturally, the best in the house, with the most sunlight and fresh air. It had to be painted a delicate pink to set off the pale blue furniture Bob had made. One day Mary told him it was about time to go shopping for the layette. Although Bob was a seasoned "father" by this time, he teased Mary with this one: "Is a layette a place to lay the baby?" He also discovered that while the stork had no dearth of babies, there was a shortage of almost everything that went with them. Not only were necessary items like bottles and diapers very high-priced, due to inflation, but they were as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Finally, by thoroughly shopping the town, Bob found seven bottles and 48 diapers. There were weeks when Bob shopped for a bathinette. He finally pulled a trade deal: an autograph book for which he secured stars' signatures for the daughter of a man who had a bathinette for sale. Then he interviewed over fifteen women for the job of the baby's nurse. Finally, they found a jewel, Mrs. Stine, who was the nurse for General Harmon's daughter. Meanwhile, the picture schedule went relentlessly on. There were the usual number of radio broadcasts, social affairs, premières to attend and people to entertain. Life was jammed to the hilt with the simple business of living.

All at once, the day was upon them. Although the doctor thought there were about three weeks to go, one morning Bob had a premonition that This Was It. He was right. It was. There ensued a hurried packing of Mary's things: bedjacket, slippers, lipstick; a race to the

hospital, because Bob had never been a father before and he didn't know how long it took to have a baby; finally, Mary's room.

He'd been up all night, so he went down to the hospital commissary to get something to eat to refresh him. He didn't want to go out of the hospital and leave Mary. But he didn't get to eat much, because the nurses descended on him like locusts, asking him to autograph everything from pillow cases to bedpans. Finally, he went up to see Mary and was promptly ushered out of the room.

Most of the time he spent in the fathers' waiting room near the delivery room. His company was other expectant fathers. Bob saw eighteen men jump up, one by one, to be told, "Congratulations, it's a girl!" Or, "Congratulations, it's a boy!" The proud father would then say, "May I see it?" And the nurse would whisk him away to the mysterious inner sanctum. This went on for hours. Bob was steeling himself against jumping up every five minutes. Because of this, one of those things happened that are terrifying and tragic at the time but which later—fortunately—you can look back on with a weak smile.

Dr. Krahulik had only seen Bob once. Since he's not a man who frequents pictures, he just wasn't familiar with one Mr. Robert Cummings' profile. He came to the door to inform Bob that he was a father, but he didn't recognize Bob, so—instead of calling, "Mr. Cummings?"—he went away again, thinking Bob had gone out. So Bob waited and waited, growing more apprehensive by the hour. Finally, a man came to the door and said, "Cummings?"

Bob slowly unwound himself and said, "Yes?"

"You have a junior!"

Bob's brother, Oscar, ran to the phone and started to call out to relay the good news. The man in white said, "I wouldn't make that call if I were you." Oscar put the receiver back. The man in white left; and all at once there was a strange quiet in the room.

Every other father had been invited to see his son. But with Bob, the Man in White had simply disappeared down the hall, with the strange warning, "I wouldn't make that call if I were you."

Oscar looked at Bob, who was white as a sheet. "You might as well get ready to take it," said Oscar slowly. "Something has gone wrong."

For 45 minutes the two of them sat in that little room and waited. Bob kept going to the door of the hallway which led to surgery. At the door he would be stopped by a nurse, who would wag her finger at him and say, "Fathers are not allowed in here!" He did this about five times, each time being turned back by the nurse. Thoughts began kaleidoscoping through his mind: Mary had died . . . the child was deformed . . . the child was dead . . . the child was blind . . . Mary was dying. Trembling, he finally got to his feet. He marched to the door. The nurse said again: "You can't go in there!" But Bob was beside himself. He gave her a look. "I'm going in!" he said distinctly.

He went on, past the mysterious doors, into the strange-smelling, antiseptic atmosphere. The nurse came rushing after him. "Who are you?" she said. "I'm Cummings," said Bob. "What do you want?" she asked. Bob kept walking. "I want to know *right now* how my wife is, and I'm going to find out!"

The nurse put a hand on his arm. "She's still on the table," she said. Bob only quickened his step. Finally the head delivery nurse came out and said, "Dr. T. Polik will not return."

on the stage. Only this time it was different.

"We never did find out who the man was who said we couldn't make that call," says Bob today. "It wasn't his fault; he just said the wrong words at the right time. We did find out that the reason he said it was because the phone was supposed to be for incoming calls only; you weren't supposed to call out. It was as simple as that."

The baby was born at 9:48, and Bob stayed until almost 11:15. He

I were, yes, then he

And at that moment, they brought the baby out, quite completely naked, but possessed of the right number of eyes and ears and feet and hands, a perfect baby. A perfectly wonderful baby! There was two inches of hair on his little head, and he was white, not all red and wrinkled as some babies are. "My wife?" asked Bob. "She's fine!" smiled the head delivery nurse.

All at once, Bob felt pretty sheepish. "I'm sorry," he said. "I got a little excited." He was embarrassed, too. You see, he had planned to take it all in his stride, be almost nonchalant. He'd played the scene before in pictures and

and grabbed on to his dear life. He managed a weak smile. "Hello," he said. "Do you want any more babies?"

She was in bubbling spirits. "I want ten!" she laughed.

Bob walked beside her, rather unsteadily. "How do you like that?" he asked no one in particular. "She wants ten! Personally, I don't think I can stand it. Ten! Does she realize what a father has to go through?"

Finally, he just asserted himself: "I'm DARNED if I'm going to have another baby!" he said emphatically.

Mary, like Mona Lisa, just smiled.

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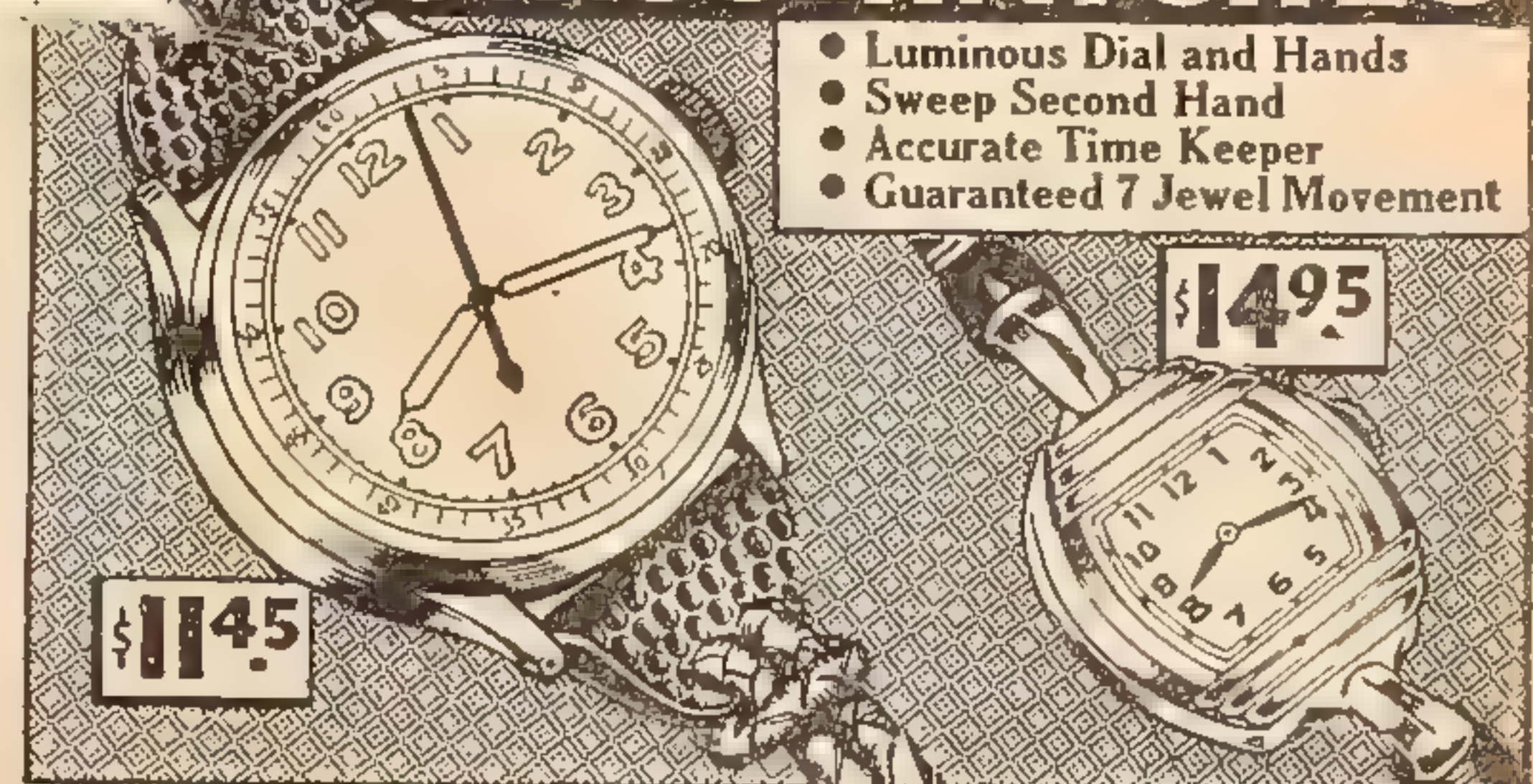
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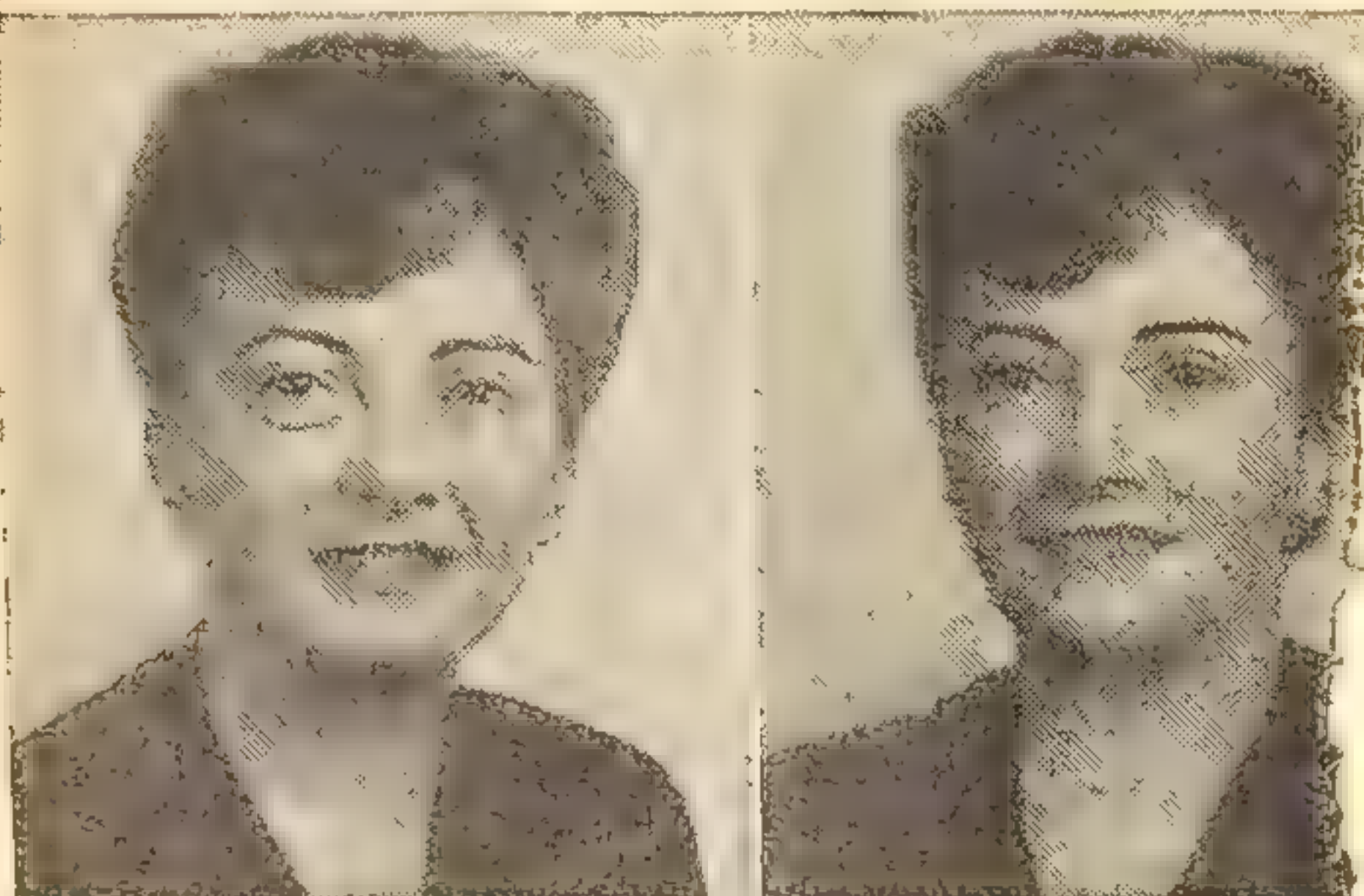
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Pardon My Accent!

Continued from page 44

set and he sounds just like any well-educated American. Mr. Bruce on the other hand, stout fellow that he is, carries on as an Englishman on and off the set.

And then you find yourself seated in a restaurant with Pat Kirkwood and her very interesting and attractive mother

was twenty. Now, only slightly older, she is looking upon America with candid eyes and wanting to be as much a part of this country as she was a part of England during the most crucial years of the war.

Poised on the edge of a career which seems about to flower, Pat Kirkwood

exciting time—when the ack-ack was going full blast and the sirens were wailing, we'd stop the show and all go up on the roof and watch our boys shoot down Jerries. Then, when it was over, we'd go back and pick up our show again just where we'd left off."

This casual attitude toward life and death is usually attributed to great experience or extreme youth; but Pat Kirkwood can be credited with both. She went into the show business when she was fourteen, made her first motion picture when she was sixteen, and won the title of Britain's wartime star when she

and brought her to the status of a star. But what she wanted now was more important. She wanted to come to America and be a great actress under the aegis of one of the more important studios in Hollywood. She wanted to be one of America's leading leading ladies. "One thing about me," Pat says, "when I start dreaming I just let go of everything and dream. There's nothing niggardly about the big piece of cake I can cut for myself then."

But it's hard to keep dreaming with buzz bombs going off in the next block and sometimes in the same block where you roll out of bed weary-eyed from too



Pat Kirkwood, Van Johnson's cinematic love interest in "No Leave, No Love," catches up with books during a leisure hour at home. The MGM picture is her first American film.

long hours spent in fire fighting and rescue work after the show closed. There were times, she says, when America seemed very far away and peace a condition which must have existed in some previous life on another planet. Despite the bombs and the weariness and the sick, gone feeling at the pit of her stomach when she walked past a blown-to-bits house and heard a child whimpering somewhere inside, she managed to keep working at the job which was her only excuse for existence—acting. When the Germans were at their last frenetic heights she made another picture, ironically titled "Flight From Folly," which was produced at the Warner Brothers London Studio. Three days after the picture was completed the studio was blown sky high. "After that," she says, "I knew I was safe. And I kind of got a feeling that maybe I had some work ahead of me that might possibly be important. I used to walk to the theater and hear the sirens wailing and know that nothing was going to happen to me."

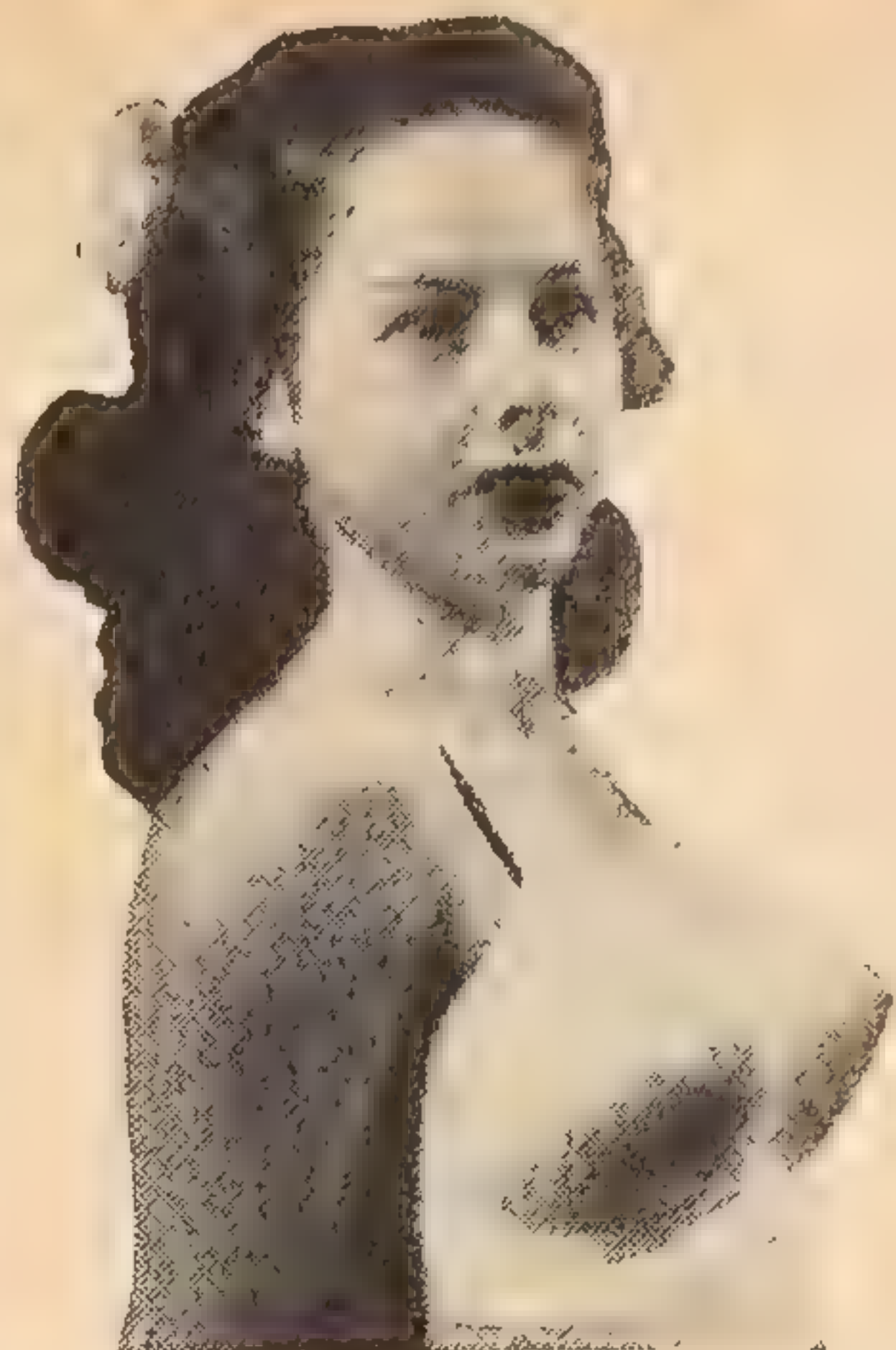
In July, 1944, Pat's lucky star took another upward zoom. She signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the promise that she would be brought to America, which had become almost a never-never land, on the first plane permitted to carry civilians. That set her up considerably, so much so that she went right out and starred in another musical comedy, "Goody Two Shoes," at the Coliseum.

Meanwhile the war kept dragging on. "I had a car and used to go out and stand a long time just looking at it," Pat says. "And then came D-Day and we knew it would soon be over. I wangled a gallon of gas—you thought I'd say petrol, didn't you?—and as I backed the car out of the garage a whole family of mice jumped out of it. I almost jumped, too, and just missed running into a brick wall."

With the arrival of V-E Day she was told that passage had been booked for her and her mother aboard a transatlantic clipper. On June 17, 1945, they sailed into the Western sky and Pat suffered her first disillusionment. Curiously enough she had conceived the idea that anything "made in America" was richly luxurious and opulent. The clipper turned out to be an old, war-weary crate and was pretty dirty and uncomfortable. She and her mother were permitted only fifty-six pounds of luggage each. "I had read too many stories about the future of the air age," she said, "and the clipper was a pretty rude awakening. It was more like a flying box-car. I was too dispirited even to look out of a port-hole when some one called out 'Icebergs to starboard.'"

But America—New York—was beyond her wildest expectations. The tables groaned with vegetables, milk, eggs and even meat on occasion. The lights were a tapestry against the stars and every neon sign was a promise of a brilliant and happy future.

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Arrived in Hollywood she was given an assignment in a musical, "No Leave, No Love," an epic which MGM declares will do her reputation, so arduously earned in England, no harm at all. The studio even waved its magic wand over the housing impasse, and found a dwelling for Pat and her mother in Culver City, within walking distance of her set. The place is complete with fruit trees (all obligingly heavily laden), flowers, a barbecue pit and, believe it or not, 1000 chickens. "I sit out in the sunshine," Pat says, "and stare at the hens and they stare right back at me wondering which will lay the biggest egg, they or I."

Just now Miss Kirkwood is looking into the future with a calm and confident eye. Well, why not? After all, she's young, she's beautiful, she can sing, and she knows a good deal about acting. The world, particularly the part of it that is America, will be very good to her, I think. She wants to do all sorts of things, musicals and good straight

drama—this last after she's thirty, however.

"Why wait that long?" I asked. "Afraid?"

Her eyes snapped. "Of course I'm not afraid," she said tartly. "It's just that I think few actresses are equipped by experience and training to do great dramatic parts until after they're thirty."

"What about Jennifer Jones?"

"Well, she's one of the very, very few. There aren't many in the whole world like her. Certainly I don't think I am."

"Don't be so modest, little girl," I said. "You may turn out to be quite a person. By the way, what did you do with your car—after you and the mic jumped out?"

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "it was in pretty bad condition from standing unused so long. So I sold it to my boy friend."

You know, somehow I think Pat Kirkwood is going to do very well in this country.

Flight of a Pidgeon

Continued from page 55

After graduation from high school he entered the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton, and before you could say "rehearse" he was in college dramatics up to his neck. "It wasn't that I wanted to act," Pidgeon says. "I didn't seem to have much to say about it. They just threw me in there and I gave them the best I had." Of course the good fairy who had taken over the contract of looking after the Pidgeon career was already on the job, but Walter knew nothing about it and cared a great deal less. He was unimpressed by dramatics, and people who wanted to act. He would have much preferred to spend his time dreaming about the traveling he was going to do after the tiresome business of education was over or just playing soccer or hockey.

And then, suddenly, the world and his travel plans blew up in his face. Canada and most of the rest of humanity was at war, and young Walter tried to enlist. Discovered just as he was about to sail for overseas by his elder brother who was already in the Army, he was yanked out because of his extreme youth. A year later he tried again and this time made it. It was one way to start traveling, he told himself. But again the destiny that was saving him for the position of top man on Hollywood's totem pole intervened and Walter was dumped into a hospital as a result of a slight altercation with two colliding gun carriages. He stayed there for seventeen months, his discharge from the hospital coming one month after the armistice.

"All the time in the hospital I kept telling myself that if I ever got out of there I'd start traveling," Pidgeon says, "and that's exactly what I did. I went to Boston."

Well, everyone knows that Boston is a town from which adventures used to start in the good old days but now noted principally for codfish and a rather stand-offish attitude toward strangers.

But Walter chose it because, he says, he thought there was lots of money in the place and he needed money to start his journeying. He sought a job in the marts of trade; but the kindly spirit governing his destiny had other plans. No jobs were open. No jobs of any kind were to be had. At this juncture the youth suddenly remembered that he had once acted while in college and hearing that E. E. Clive, the English actor, was in town and about to produce a show, he went to see him. "Can you act?" asked Mr. Clive.

"Of course," said Walter.

The result was that he went on in "You Never Can Tell," followed by "Pygmalion" and "Androcles and the Lion." "Much as I hated it," Pidgeon says, "I seemed to be successful. What I really wanted, of course, was to travel—and while this gave me a chance, in a limited way, to see the country, it wasn't enough. I wanted to see the mystic isles of the seven seas, and I didn't see much chance of it if I kept on being an actor."

But rebel as he would his destiny was sealed. Fred Astaire, hearing Walter sing one night at a social gathering, told him that he ought to be in musicals. The result was that Pidgeon hunted up Elsie Janis who had once told him, back in Canada, to see her if he ever needed help. Miss Janis made him her leading man and took him to London with her in a revue called "At Home." When they returned to the United States with the show, Broadway welcomed them enthusiastically. After a long run there they took the show on the road, and America began talking about the tall, handsome young Canadian with the deeply resonant voice. By this time even Pidgeon was about ready to admit that he'd have to give up all thoughts of being a sea captain and content himself with getting rich and famous in the show business.

It was about this time that talking pictures came in, and suddenly a Hollywood producer discovered that Pidgeon had a voice. He brought the young man to the film capital where for a year he cooled his heels drawing his salary and waiting for something to happen. He couldn't understand this sort of nonsense and finally asked to be released from his contract. He free-lanced for a year and then returned to New York, convinced that Hollywood was populated entirely by people recently escaped from the booby hatch.

In 1935 a couple of gents in California decided that they'd better return to earth from the stratosphere where they'd been spending "talkie" money, and asked Pidgeon to come back to Hollywood. This time they gave him his fill of work. He made pictures a mile-a-minute in studios all over town and finally Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, being an astute outfit and recognizing gold almost any place they find it, signed him for a long-term contract. After that there was a spate of pictures—"Man-Proof" with Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell and Franchot Tone, "Girl of the Golden West," co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, "The Shop-Worn Angel," with Margaret Sullivan and James Stewart, and many, many others. His latest and perhaps most successful pictures have been "How Green Was My Valley," "Mrs. Miniver," "Madam Curie," "Mrs. Parkington," "Weekend at the Waldorf," and "Holiday in Mexico."

Ask Pidgeon to tell you which of his pictures he likes best and he'd probably say unhesitatingly "How Green Was My Valley." Among modern books Llewel-

lyn's story had long been his favorite and he had often thought that someday he might be given the opportunity to appear in its screen version. That chance came about in a curious manner. "Darryl Zanuck invited me to have lunch with him one day," he said, "casually mentioning that John Ford would be present. As we ate I happened to notice the book, 'How Green Was My Valley,' lying on the table. I picked it up and mentioned that if it was ever made I'd like to have a chance at it."

Ford stared at me. "Who tipped you off?" he demanded.

"I told him I didn't know what he was talking about, and then he went on to tell me that getting me to play the part of the minister was the reason they had asked me to lunch. I believe I shall always think of that rôle as my favorite."

Soon after the picture was finished Pidgeon was introduced to Llewellyn by transatlantic telephone. They talked of the immense destruction in London due to the German bombings and Pidgeon expressed his grief that so many of the lovely old landmarks and palatial dwellings were being demolished. "Yes," Llewellyn said, "it is tragic that so many of our old landmarks have gone, but it's sad how tender are the roofs of the little houses." The remark was so thoroughly in tune with the writer's character that Pidgeon says he will always remember it.

Today at 46, the owner of a non-cancelable, puncture-proof contract with no options which still has nine years to go, Walter Pidgeon is one of Hollywood's most successful and, curiously, most contented men. "I know my limitations," he says, "and, unlike the moth, I no longer desire the stars." He is physically more active than most youngsters half his age, plays a smashing game of tennis, eats big meals, smokes big cigars, likes the society of business and professional men, and is still youthful enough to get a tremendous wallop out of a sigh from a languishing maiden.

With nine more years to go before his contract is completed, Pidgeon is looking forward to the final culmination of his youthful dream—travel. "I'm going to buy a good sea-worthy craft," he says; "and I'm going to stick her nose into every out-of-the-way port in the world. I'm going to eat native foods on tropical islands; I'm going to sit up all night through a tribal dance; I'm going to shoot tigers in India and the bull in Madagascar. In fact, I'm going to do every darned thing I've always wanted to do. I shall probably be gone at least three years."

"What about more pictures after you get back?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'll have had enough. I'll be fifty-five by that time. Maybe a little directing. I think I'd like that."

And so until his little stint of nine years at Metro is finished Walter Pidgeon is going to continue being the same guy he is now, liking people, forgetting the names of his best friends, getting drunk on music, fasting for the good of his soul one day out of each week, working hard, being simple and kindly and the sort of person you'd like to have for a neighbor—or a friend.



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Richard Conte, growing in popularity with the movie fans and next appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Somewhere in the Night," does a radio stint with Maggi McNellis.

The Pros and Cons of Being a Movie Star

Continued from page 37

in New York, Joan shed her mink, made the gesture of rolling up the sleeves of her sleekly tailored black and white checked suit, made of her hands a very effective pair of alabaster scales and weighed for me, at my request, the pros and cons, as she sees them, of movie stardom.

"Most of it," she began, "is fun. Great fun. Fabulous fun. Most of it is excitement and enchantment and the dreams-come-true you imagine it to be when you never imagine it *could* be, for you. But some of it," Joan said, with a slightly crooked smile, "you can have!" And paused. And added, unexpectedly, "The loneliness. Which is something I never experienced until I made pictures. Until now.

"My friends," Joan explained, "my old friends, the kids I went with in New Jersey, where I and my sister Mary and my sister Betty were born and grew up; kids in my class at Miss Beard's School; kids I knew, later, at Lincoln School, in New York—they are not my friends any more. Not *really*, that is. Not the way they were. Something—a shadow, perhaps—has come between us.

"Like one of the girls will call and say, just like always, 'Let's have lunch,' and before I have time to answer, just like always, 'Sure! Where?' her voice will change and she'll say, sounding unnatural, apologetic, sort of, 'Oh, but you're too busy, I'm sure!' They get a feeling of inferiority," Joan said sorrowfully, "which is so *ridiculous*. But there it is. So you lose some of them. You lose your old friends.

"Your boy-friends, too. The boys I used to know, they can't take it! When headwaiters speak to you, I mean, they hate that. When fans ask for your autograph, they look at the ceiling or at the tips of their shoes. They're embarrassed. Boys don't want dates that embarrass them.

"When I was working in 'Blue Skies,' two awfully nice kids I knew, and have known since I was knee-high, visited me one day on the set. Just in from the

Pacific, they hadn't seen me since I'd been in the movies. And they looked at me, not as a freak, exactly, but as if to say, 'This isn't Joan!' Later, they asked me to go dancing and before I had time to say 'Swell! I'd love it!' they sort of muttered in their beards about—'No fun for *you*, of course, to go dancing with *us* after dancing with Fred Astaire!' And when I tried to tell them that I'd danced only one very little dance with Fred Astaire and that the very thought of it had paralyzed me and what had that to do with it, anyway, they just sort of hemmed and hawed and didn't know what to do with their hands and feet and were uneasy with me and, pretty soon, went away. It just *stops*," Joan said, regretfully, "the way it was before, I mean.

"On the other hand, it's fun, it's *fun*, in italics," Joan said, lightening, brightening, changing pace, "to have important people planning things for you. Things that make you into a star. You can't believe how gilt-edged it makes you feel to have important people discussing and planning stories for you, a year ahead.

"It's fun to be recognized in public, which I'm just beginning to be. Fun to have the fans ask for your autograph. I've heard and read that to many of the stars, being recognized in public is a cross to bear. Well, I can only say that, so far, it doesn't upset me.

"It's fun having your own dressing-room. When I worked in 'Blue Skies,' the studio gave me the dressing-room Veronica Lake had used and let me redecorate it to suit myself. That was *really* keen. I did the carpets, walls and drapes in pale greens. I bought a pair of little love-seats, curvey and cute, done in chartreuse. I bought a lovely coffee table, and a beautiful lamp with ivy growing out of its copper base. It isn't, of course, a dressing-room suite, lavishly luxurious like Betty Hutton's, or Dorothy Lamour's, or Paulette Goddard's. But it's cute and it's mine and I *love* it!

"The thoughtfulness—I love. I am more touched than I can say by the

thoughtfulness the studio shows me. Like when I was making 'Blue Skies' and, at the same time, working in 'Monsieur Beaucaire,' I often had to rush from the set of one to the set of the other, changing costumes practically en route, and it was pretty tiring, so when both pictures were finished, the studio suggested I take a week at Palm Springs, at their expense. I didn't accept the offer, but that," Joan said, "was beside the point—the offer was made. Like this trip to New York which was also made at the studio's suggestion and expense. Like the theater tickets the Eastern office of Paramount, without my asking, get for me. Such things happen to you, when you are in pictures, all the time. Just mention some thing you want—or don't mention it, just think about it—and there it is, all done up in cellophane and delivered to you. It's an Aladdin's Lamp feeling.

"All kinds of little kindnesses and courtesies, all along the assembly line—the actors being so nice to me, the big stars—Sonny and Bing and Fred Astaire and Bob Hope—they couldn't have been sweeter, making me feel, not a stranger, not a greenhorn, but one of them. The electricians and the prop-men and the script girls and the hairdressers, taking time to explain things to me, camera angles, little tricks that help. The property men who get you a chair, a coke, a glass of water, a coat to put over your shoulders. The care they take of you. The fabulous care—if they like you!

"But it is difficult," Joan said, reflectively, over her fourth glass of iced tea and second plate of chocolate ice-cream, "to balance the scales between what you like and do not like about being an actress on the screen, evenly. Because things from one side keep spilling over into the other side. Like the generosity and consideration the studio shows its stars, which is positively fairy godmother stuff but, at the same time, can be rather frightening. For there is a possessiveness about a studio, sort of like an out-sized silver cord.

"From the time you walk in the studio gates, in the morning, until you walk out of them at night, you are," Joan ex-

plained, "studio property. The studio plans your day. You talk, for the most part, with the people the studio arranges for you to talk with. Reporters, mostly. Distinguished visitors. Interviewers. You dress as the studio tells you to dress. But that's okay, that's fair enough, the clothes, the hair, the planned day and all that. While you are in the studio, you are a studio employee and like all employees are, and should be, at your employer's disposal.

"But even your personal life is pretty much, actually, under studio auspices. The business of having to live in a moated mansion, with swimming pool attached; of publicity departments dreaming up 'publicity romances' for you which, in order to augment your 'glamor' you must pretend to take seriously—all that sort of thing is, I have found, definitely old hat. But the studio still sets a standard for you and, whether in Hollywood or in the Hesperides, you are expected to conform to it. The studio, I often think," Joan said, and laughed, "is like a stern but madly indulgent father who, having brought you up in the way you should go and given you everything, expects you to Make Him Proud of You, or else. Not," Joan was at pains to explain, "that you don't want to. You don't, I mean, want to kick up your heels or do anything the least unlady-like, the least embarrassing to, in my case, Papa Paramount. But if you should, being human, make ever so slight a mistake, you feel, when you are in the public eye, that you are injuring, not only yourself, but studio property. In other words, when you become a movie star you give up, in my opinion, your self.

"On the credit side, heavily, heavily on the credit side is the fact that, fan that I am, to meet the movie stars, in person, was just absolutely thrilling. The first time I met them—quite a lot of them, at one time, I mean—was on the set of 'Duffy's Tavern,' in which I had a small speaking spot. I met Bing that day, Dorothy Lamour, and Betty Hutton, and Cass Daley and, of course, Ed Gardner. That," Joan said, and sighed pleasantly, "I liked!"

The Sunny Side of Tufts

Continued from page 63

he argues. His utter disregard for danger warnings and storm signals has earned him the nickname "Storm Signal Tufts" among the local life guards and fishermen.

In his spare time, when he is not working in two pictures at once, posing for stills, giving interviews or seeking thrills at the bottom of the sea, Sonny "takes it easy" by swinging an axe in his recently acquired two-acre backyard. "See all those tree trunks and the underbrush piled up there?" he points out proudly. "Barbara and I chopped them down. We had a lot of fun doing it and saved about five hundred dollars in labor costs, besides. Never forget the day we started. Went at it like fury, from early morning until it was too dark to see. We could hardly straighten up. Crawled

back to the house looking like a couple of overworked field hands."

He chuckles at the memory of what followed. "We had less than an hour in which to change for the opera. It was opening night and strictly formal. I switched from dirty old slacks, a sweat-shirt and huaraches to white tie and tails. Real piece of magic was Barbara's transformation. From faded jeans and a lumberjack shirt into a gorgeous sequinned gown—her pigtailed twisted into a sleek knot at the back of her neck—she was Cinderella and Fairy Godmother all in one. Off we went in our six-cylinder pumpkin coach, field hands going to the ball! We thought it was pretty funny."

There's a large level piece of ground being cleared presently for a swimming



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"You might mention your main reason for wanting an oversized pool," Barbara adds with a grin. "Because you want to keep a baby seal in it, to swim and play ball with you."

Fortunately Barbara shares his enthusiasm for strange pets. "Sonny comes by it honestly," she declares. "His father once brought home a bear cub and insisted on keeping it in the house. When it grew big enough to knock down members of the family, Mrs. Tufts made him get rid of it."

Barbara's wedding present to Sonny was a scarlet macaw named Waca, which presented a problem when they lived in hotels. Now, however, the bird lives in grand style in a palm-thatched aviary directly under the Tufts' bedroom windows and awakens them each dawn by shrieking, "Hello, Barbara! Hello, Sonny!" When let out of his tropical hutch Waca generally roosts on Sonny's head or flies about with nerve-shattering abandon. Another bird, a small gray cockateel, is kept in a glass cage in the living room and is positively the fightingest bunch of feathers for his size. Coco, an apricot-and-silver French poodle of distinguished pedigree, is frolicsome and friendly as a two-bit mongrel. There are chickens and turkeys for ranch atmosphere and the Tufts hope to add a string of horses soon. "They'll look so good grazing on the hills," comments Sonny.

The Tufts call their home "Dream Come True" and mean it literally. They discovered the house accidentally, in passing, long before it was for sale, and promptly fell in love with it. Weekly excursions to Hidden Valley followed, so they could sit in their car and gaze worshipfully at The House by the hour. When they finally gathered courage to ring the doorbell they found the owner to be Billy Wilder, Paramount director. The Tufts charm worked, as usual, and they were invited inside for a cocktail. Then dinner. Then coffee at midnight. "We left at one in the morning, more

in love with The House than ever," recalls Sonny.

Then several months later Barbara had The Dream. "Let's hurry over to The House. I just dreamed it was for sale," she informed Sonny. She was right! But her dream failed to disclose how they could raise enough money for even the down payment. In his rush to get started in pictures Sonny had signed with so many contact men and agents he was retaining only a fourth of his salary checks.

"If The House is sold now, we'll never get another chance at it," wailed Barbara.

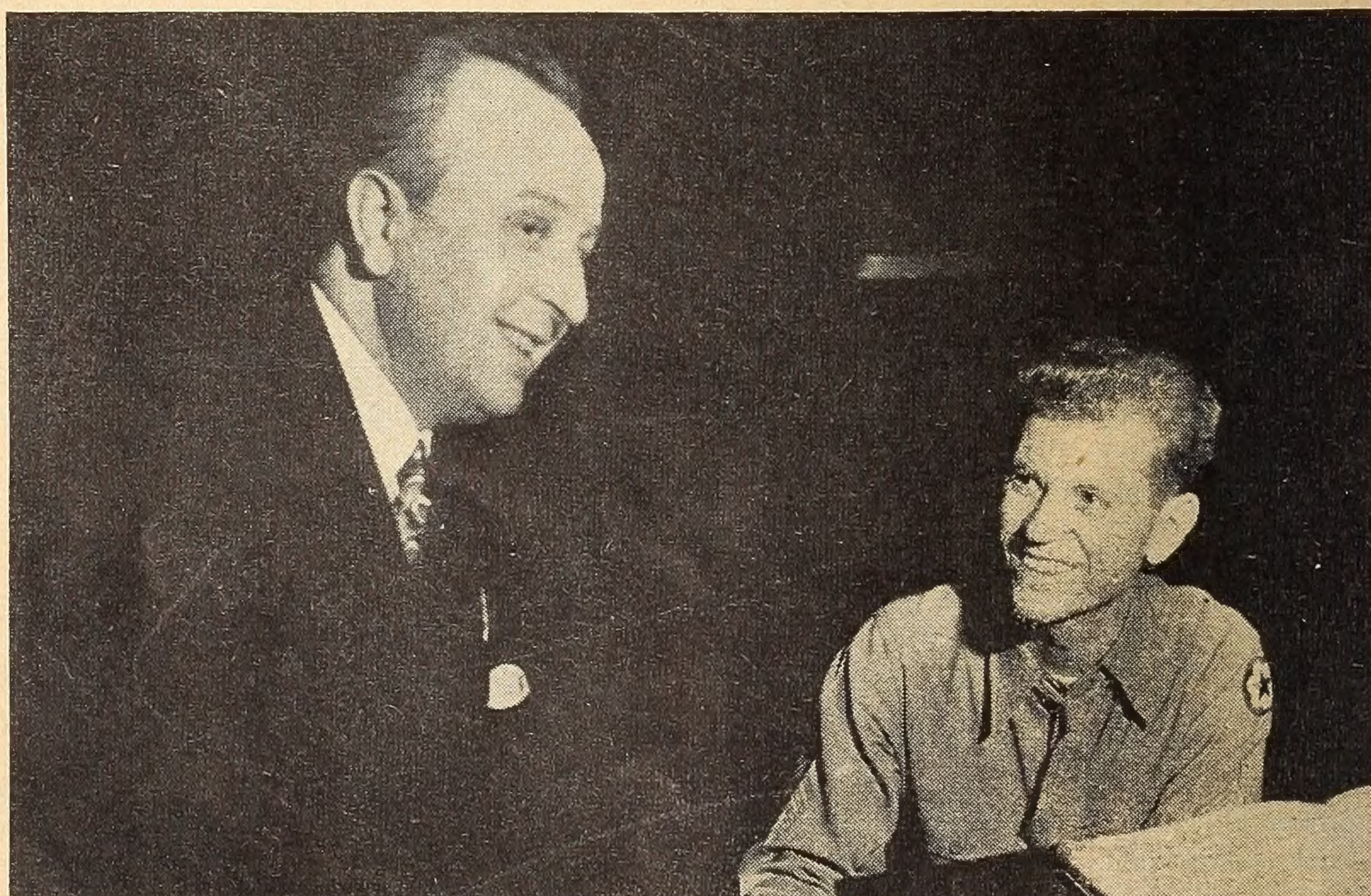
Even Annabelle, the colored maid, prayed for a miracle.

Sonny refused to be depressed. "Don't worry, Baba," he reassured his wife. "Something will come through. Something always does."

Believe it or not, it did. At the psychological moment Paramount presented him with a fat bonus check for an outstanding performance in "I Love a Soldier" and Sonny raced to make the down payment, nosing out another buyer by minutes.

His optimism and good humor are contagious and often of genuine help to his co-workers. They tell about an experience on the set of "The Virginian." The company was on location at Newhall. Had been there for five weeks. This was the last day and an important scene was in progress, Sonny's 'hanging.' The atmosphere was thick with the strain of trying to finish on schedule. It looked rather hopeless with planes zooming overhead almost constantly, cutting down shooting time to minute-and-a-half stretches, and the approaching sunset turning the sun the brassy yellow that is death on Technicolor. Only Sonny remained unconcerned, although it was his big scene in the picture. He surveyed the gloomy faces about him, grinned his lopsided grin and made the remark that broke the tension completely.

"Wouldn't it be terrible," he said, "if any of us took this business seriously?"



Sgt. Eugene List, the pianist who played at Potsdam, poses with NBC's Howard Barlow, during a recent guest appearance. Sgt. List is scheduled to play in a movie, too.



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